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MacTernan Prize Essays==II.

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Irish Poetry.

An Essay in Irish with Translation in English
and a Vocabulary,

BY

Dr. Douglas Hyde.

PUBLISHED FOR

**The Society for the Preservation of the
Irish Language.**

Dublin:

M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED, O'CONNELL STREET.

1902.

Price Nine Pence.

MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 2.

THE
MACTERNAN PRIZE
ESSAYS

ΤΡΑΚΤΑΝΝΑ
AR SON DU AISE MÍC TÍGEARNÁIN—II.

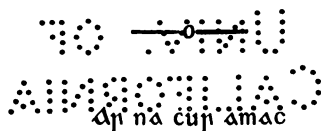
ῤΙΛΙΘΕΑΚΤ-ΞΑΕΘΕΑΛΑΚ.

Τράκτ 1 η Ξαεθίλζε, le η-α αϊρτμυζαθ 1
m béalra, agur foclóir.

le

ΟΥΒΖΛΑΣ DE Η-ΙΘΕ

(An Craoibín Aoibínn).



uo

cumann buan-choiméadota na gaeθίλζε

1 m baille-áda-cliaθ ;

le

m. h. gill 7 a mac, 1 sráio uí conaill.

1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays==II.

52

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ROIMHÁD DO'N LÉISTEÓIR

Buò é mo cara, an t-ádhair ro-urramac Steapán Mac Tigeairnáin, ó Conraé Liaetiomha, do thairg v́a fíciú púnt mar v́uair do'n té ir fearr ríriobfaó tráctar i nGaeóeilg, ar fíliúeáct na h-Éireann. Ir é do cúir im' ceann an tráctar gearr ro do cúir le céile, áct a b'fao moime rin do bí ádhair na ríribinne reo cruinnigíte agam. Tar éir é do éiríochuagáó i nGaeóeilg do cúir mé b'éarla aih, ó túr go veiread, óir buó mian le Cumann Duán-óiméadta na Gaeóeilge é do ádhairt amac in ran v́a teangaid. Tá mé fíoir-buiréac ve-rean fá go v́tug: f'f' an o'ádh: v́a' é do éiríochuagáó amac i b'oirim éirir, agur do cúir le céile. mar atá ré anoir.

Ir v́ó-ran t'ádhair: v́a' le ádhairt: h'ag ro le meaf mór agur le buiréacar, agur ir é an t-aon ius amáin goilleaf oim nac b'fuil ré a b'fao níof fearr agur níof iomláine 'ná tá ré.

míre,
v́u'v́glas ve h-íoe
(An Craoibín Aoibinn).

PB1307.49.1.2.
MAY

PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT was my friend the Very Rev. Father Stephen MacTernan, of the County Leitrim, who offered forty pounds as a prize to whoever would write the best treatise in Irish on the poetry of Ireland. It was he who put it into my head to put this short treatise together, but I had the substance of this essay collected a long time before. After finishing it in Irish I put English on it from first to last, because the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language desired to bring it out in the two languages. I am very much obliged to him for giving me an opportunity of drawing it out in proper form and putting it together as it is now.

It is to him I offer this little book with much respect and many thanks, and the only thing I regret is that it is not better and fuller than it is.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

218587

ROIM RÁO.

Ní cúirim rómam, in ran ucráctar gearr ro, ainmneada na bfilead Saedéalac do chruinniugad, ná ainmneada a gcuid ván do chur ríor, ná méad na línte o'rágadar 'n-a noiaig do cómaiream.

Ir é ir mian liom fár agus féin-méaduigad na filídeada Saedeilge do loig, na oligte fá 'i fár rí do rignúigad agus do chur i gcéill, agus na croda, nó na foirme éadramla fá 'i cairbeán rí i féin do míniugad.

Má o'eiug liom don trolur do cáiteam ar cheirteannaidh cruaidhe in ran ucráctar beag ro, bíod mé lánfárta, aot ní'l mé com vána rin agus go gceirteann gur cáitear.

Míre

Óur reardbroganta,

* * * *

P R E F A C E .

I do not propose in this short treatise, either to collect the names of the Irish poets, or to give the names of their poetic compositions, or to compute the number of the lines they have left behind them.

What I desire to do is to inquire into the growth and self-development of Irish poetry, to examine the laws under which it grew up, to exhibit them, and to explain the various shapes or forms under which it has shown itself.

If I have succeeded in throwing any light upon a difficult question in this short essay, I shall be fully satisfied, but I am not so audacious as to believe that I have done so.

I am

Your Servant,

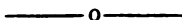
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𐌺𐌹𐌳𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹𐌸 𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌳𐌰𐌹𐌸.

1r corinúil náir éirigh don litirdeacht maith in san
 uoman náir fáir an filirdeacht innti com luath leir an
 bhróir no níor luath. Nuair fuair daoine amac ealaída
 na ríobhóirdeacht do ríobhóirdeacht ríor ar uir an
 litirdeacht do bí de glan-mheabair aca ceana, agus do
 bí rin rígar filirdeacht, bíod gur deachair é a máo i
 gcóinnuirde cío é 1r filirdeacht agus cío é 1r ríor an,
 óir ní maib don dealúgao móir uir an dá ruo, nuair bí
 an cine daonna óg. Ní fuair amac treab ná cine ríor,
 dá aneolairde agus dá iarúclta boirbe iao, nac maib
 rígar filirdeacht i n-a meirg. 1r focal, an focal ro
 “filirdeacht,” a bfuil ciall an-leathan an; agus an ruo
 a uirann don cine “filirdeacht” air, ní tuirair cine
 eile an t-ainm rin air, ar don cor. Tá a cineál réin
 filirdeacht ag gao don náirín, agus do bí mar rin i
 gcóinnuirde. An uirne uir boir i n-áiríria, no ‘ran
 nGuinea Nuao, nuair gabann ré áirán, deairíar ré an
 focal céanna, no an t-áir céanna, go minic agus go
 uir i uiríde a céile, mar ro:—

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IRISH POETRY.



It is probable that there never yet arose any literature in the world that poetry did not grow in it as early as prose. When people first invented the science of writing, they wrote down first the literature which they had already by heart, and this was a kind of poetry, though it is hard to say always what is poetry and what is prose, for there was no great difference between the two things when the human race was young. There has never yet been found a tribe or a race, no matter how ignorant, backward and savage, who had not some kind of poetry in their midst. This word "poetry" is a word of very broad meaning, and the thing which one race will call poetry, another race will not call by that name at all. Every nation had its own species of poetry, and so it has always been. The black wild man in Australia or in New Guinea, when he sings a song, will say the same word or the same sentence many times over, vigorously, one line after the other, as thus:—

Strike him, strike him on the head,
Strike him on the head,
Strike him through his heart,
Strike him, strike him well,
Strike him, strike him, &c.,

agus v'éarraró ré gur "filiúeáct" é rin. Níor éirigh ré ariam éairir rin. Ní bíonn cinnteáct línte aige, ná cinnteáct riolla iní gac líne, ná aon ruo eile i n-a abhán, ar a scugann cinúeáca níor múinte "filiúeáct." Áct, ar a íon rin, tá vealuíadó iorí rin agus an bpróir, agus tuigeanann ré féin an vealuíadó rin go maí.

Anoir, ní'l áóbar ar bíe againn fá éireveamaint gur éirigh an filiúeáct ar éalam na hEorpa ar aon eiríge eile, áct mar rin; agus ír cormúil nac raib átharac filiúeácta ag rinnrearaib na Rómánac agus na nShéagac féin. Áct má'r amlaíó vo bí, tá céao-éorac na filiúeácta in rna tíoréaib rin cailíte, agus ní éis linn a máó anoir go víreac cionnar v'éirigh na tomair fíor-áilne agus na miorúir breáíga, maíalta, vo táinig anuar éugainn-ne. Tá an céao-filiúeáct vo bí ag na cinúeácaib rin iméiríge ar éimne, agus ní féadamaoio áct buille-fa-éairim vo éabairt uirí, ó na líntib atá rgaréa in ran trean-litirúeáct. Áct ír cinnte náí b'iao tomair ealaúanta na b'ileadó móí Rómánac, vo bí ag na daoínib coitcéanna, ar aon éor, agus go raib ruo go móí níor gairíde agus níor réirde aca-ran, mar ír féirí linn a éuirint ó éoir-alc ann ro agus ann ruo amearí na n-úígar.* Áct má cailleadó torac agus céao-áóbar na filiúeácta amearí na nShéagac agus na Rómánac, ní mar rin vo na gaeóealaib. Vo éongbaíí ríao-ran 'n-a mearí, agus

* mar atá na rann vo féinn na raíóiríaró i scáib Caesar—
 "Caesar Gallias subegit, / Nicomedes Caesarem," agus rann an *Ghladiator*
 "Non te peto / piscem peto / quid me fugis Galle," &c.

and he will call that poetry. He has never risen beyond that. He has no certain number of lines, no certain number of syllables in each line, nor anything else in his song which more advanced nations call poetry. But for all that, there is a difference between this and prose, and he himself understands this difference well.

Now we have no reason for believing that poetry arose on the continent of Europe in any other way than this, and it is probable that the ancestors even of the Greeks and Romans had no other sort of poetry than this [in the beginning]. But if this be so, the first commencement in those countries of theirs are lost, and we cannot exactly say now how the beautiful measures and fine metres arose that have come down to us. The original poetry of these nations is gone out of remembrance, and we can only make a guess at it from the lines scattered about in the ancient literature. But it is certain that it was not the scientific metres of the great Roman poets that were the metres of the common people, by any means, but that these used something much coarser and more rough-and-ready as we can clearly understand from an occasional passage here and there amongst the [old] authors.* But if the beginning and first commencement of poetry have been lost amongst the Greeks and Romans, not so is it with the Gaels. They retained amongst themselves, and there have come down to us,

* As in the song of the soldiers, mentioned by Suetonius, "Cæsar Gallias subegit / Nicomedes Cæsarem," or the song of the Gladiator, "Non te peto, / piscem peto, / quid me fugis Galle," &c.

do táinig anuar cugainn-ne línite atá com haorta,
 b'féoir, leir an gcinead féin. Ní'l aon amhar ann, aót
 go dtáinig na giotair filioeacta ro ó béal an tpean-
 achar go dtí an t-achar, agus ó béal an achar go dtí an
 mac, agus ó béal an mhic go dtí an t-ua, na céadta
 agus na céadta bliadan rui a bhfuair muinntir an
 oileán seo aon eólar ar litreachaib ná ar rghriobad.
 I r mar rin do táinig anuar cugainn na línite i r pine
 o'á bhfuil le págail i tpeangair Ceiltic, na línite do
 labairt aimirgin le h-Éirinn, nuair táinig ré, do péir
 an tpeancuir, go dtí an t-oileán ro, i n-éan-feacht le
 macaib míle, níor mó 'ná míle bliadan roim aimir
 Éirioir. I r féoir naó bhfuil 'ran aimirgin seo aót
 fábal agus úirrgéal na mbáir; aót i r doig go bhfuil
 na línite seo a bhao níor pine ná aimir Éirioir, óir do
 b'é cneodam agus baraimail na nGaodeal o'á doairb,
 gur b'iao-ran na céad línite filioeacta do minnead
 nam ar talam na h-Éireann. Agus tá a pian oir, a
 óir tá riao garb, mí-flactmar go leor. Agus ro mar
 toirigeann riao¹:—

Alu iat n-héireno,
 hermad mui,
 Moctac, moctac rliab,
 Sractac, rractac cail,
 Ciactac, ciactac aub,
 Errac, errac loc, 7c.

¹ réad an leabar Laigheac l. 12, col. 2. I r é i r cail do na rean-
 lincib seo ruo éigin mar ro:—"Glaodaim ar talam na h-Éireann / i r
 roillreac a mui / i r doibinn doibinn a rleibte / i r gárag, gárag a
 coillte / i r rroctac, rroctac a aibne / i r iargac, iargac a loca, 7c.

lines as old, perhaps, as is the race itself. There is no doubt about it, that these pieces of poetry descended from the mouth of the grandfather to the father, and from the mouth of the father to the son, and from the mouth of the son to the grandson, hundreds and hundreds of years before the people of this island discovered the knowledge of letters or of writing. It is in this way the oldest lines that are to be found in Celtic must have come down to us, the lines which Amergin spoke to Erin, when he first came, according to the story, to this island along with the sons of Milesius, more than a thousand years before the time of Christ. It is possible that this Amergin is only a fable and romance of the bards, but no doubt the lines are far older than the time of Christ, for it has always been the belief and opinion of the Gael concerning them, that they were the first lines of poetry that were composed on the soil of Ireland. And signs on them, for they are rough and unpolished enough. Here is how they begin¹ :—

I invoke thee Erin,
 Brilliant, brilliant sea,
 Fertile, fertile hill,
 Wavy, wavy wood,
 Flowing, flowing stream,
 Fishy, fishy lake, &c.

¹ See Book of Leinster, page 12, col. 2.

Do mhinne an t-áimhigín reo ván eile, do péir an t-reancúir, agus tá na comarctair céadna ar an vana ván ro. Toraisgeann pé mar ro:—

[Sean-Šaeðeilg.]

Am gaeṭ i muir,
Am tonn tpeactan,
Am fuaim mara,
Am vām pectir,
Am pēg for aill,
Am vēr ngréine,¹ 7c.

[Nuad-Šaeðeilg.]

Ir gaeṭ ar mhuir mé,
Ir tonn láirir mé,
Ir fuaim na mara mé.
Ir vām vīrcir [fiadain] mé,
Ir pēabac ar aill mé,
Ir gaeṭ gréine mé, 7c.

Cuir i gcomórtar leo ro—na céad-vánta do minnead i n-Éirinn muam, má'r fíor vó'n t-reancúir—an céad “aor” no ván cáinte do minnead i n-Éirinn, atá le págail in ran rgeal in a n-innirtear an vana cat do cuiread as Muig Tuiread, rgeal bainear leir an gciortcal ir rine v’ar n-úirrgéaltair, ciortcal na noéite. As ro an t-aor:—

Cen cōlt ar cráib cernine,

1. Šan torad ar éraoir crainn,

Cen gēit forbba for an arpa atirir,

1. Šan baine bó ar a bfarad gaman,

Cen aoba fir foortha vīroici,

1. Šan áruir fir

Cen vīl vāmi pēri, pop ren bīurre.²

1. Šan vīol rgealuirde . . . go mbuó é rin réan bhreara.

Ciōreair ar an móimio Šur an-aorta, agus Šur an-Šarib na Šiotaí ro, nač bfuil rnar ná veaš-čruč orra;

¹ pēac vā cōib ve reo ó lauo 610, i n-Oxforo, agus ó'n leabhar Laišneac, as Thurneysen, Mittelirische Verslehren, Irische Texte, III. Serie I Heft, leatanač 61.

² pēac “amra Cholumcille,” ar leabhar na h-uirpe le O bpoinn Crowe, leatanač 26.

This Amergin composed another poem according to the history, and this second poem has the same marks as this. It begins thus:—

I am a wind on sea,
 I am a powerful wave,
 I am the sound of the sea,
 I am a fierce ox,
 I am a hawk on cliff,
 I am a beam of sun,¹ &c.

Compare with these (the first poems ever made in Erin, if the history be true) the first satire or poem-of-dispraise ever made in Erin, which is to be found in the saga of the Second Battle of Moytura, a saga which belongs to the oldest cycle of our romances, the cycle of the gods.

Here is the satire:—

Without fruit on branch of *Cernine*,
 Without a cow's milk on which a calf may grow,
 Without a man's residence, may he wander lightless,
 Without a sufficiency for a company's story-teller—
 be this the prosperity of Bress.²

It will be seen at once that these pieces are very antique and rude, that they have no polish nor comeliness, and

¹ See two copies of this from Laud 610, Oxford, Bodleian, and from "The Book of Leinster" in Thurneysen's "Mittelirische Verslehren," page 61 in *Irische Texte*, III Serie, I Heft.

² See the Amra of Columcille from "The Book of the Dun Cow," by O'Beirne Crowe, page 26. This is his translation, but it is a doubtful one.

agus i' láríne de rin ár gcineadaí in ran treanúir
 gur b'iad na dánta ro na céad dánta de'n éineál
 dá'r cumadó i n-Éirinn.

I' amlaib' do'n céad dán do rinne Fionn mac Cúmaill
 tar éir "Eó Féic," no "An Bhradáin Feara" o'ite. Agus
 ro na línte do léirí marí tángadair anuair cugainn-ne:—

Cettemain cain íee ro rairi anó cuét,

.i. bealtaine, i' caoin' an aimhí,

Canait luin laio lán, via mbeith laigaiḡ ann,

.i. canait lonnub laoió lán, dá mbeith laḡaió ann.

ḡairio cá cnuaid deán, i' focen ram rairi,

.i. ḡairio cuada ḡo cnuaid dian, i' fáiltead ráim

Ruiois riné rin, bhuinne ceib cail cnaib,* 7c.

.i. i' roilltead an rion ḡo ríor, ar bhuad na ruiḡ-éoil cnaobad(?)

Áit tá ceatmaí eile in ran dán ro atá an-bhinn,
 maḡalta, deaḡ-cumta, agus ari an ádair rin ní dóis
 liom ḡo dtáinig an ceatmaí rin ó lárí fínn.

Tá an cnuet céadna ari na líntib' do ḡab an mór-
 rígan (bainríḡain an éogair, amearḡ na rean-ḡaeóal)
 i ḡCaet Muiḡe Tuiread:—

Sit ḡo neim,

Neim ḡo doíman,

Doíman fa neim,

Neairt i ḡcáć, 7c.

I' amlaib' marí an ḡcáadna atá cuio de na líntib'
 rilídeacta in rna leadbairib' agus in rna rḡealtairib' i'
 rine dá bfuil againn, marí atá an cúntar ari "An Donn

* clóbuailte le seágan O Donnobáin, ó lárí-rḡríbinn do rinnead
 'ran mbliadain 1453, atá anoir i n-Oxforo. Féad leabha an Chumainn
 Oiríniḡ. IV. l. 302.

it makes our belief all the stronger in the history which tells that these were the first poems of the kind that were composed in Ireland.

It is just the same with the first poem that Finn MacCúmhaíl composed after eating the “eó Féic” or salmon of knowledge. Here are the lines, as they have come down to us:—

May day, delightful time, how beautiful the colour.

The blackbirds sing their full lay; would that Laigaigh were here.

The cuckoos sing in constant strains, how welcome is the noble

Brilliance of the season ever, on the margin of the branchy woods,* &c.

But there is another stanza in these verses which is very melodious, regular and shapely, and for that reason I do not think that that stanza came from Finn.

The lines that the Mór Rígan (or Great Queen, the goddess of battles amongst the ancient Irish) sung in the Battle of Moytura, are shaped similarly.

Peace to heaven,
Heaven to earth,
Earth under heaven,
Strength to each, &c.

Just such are some of the lines of poetry in the oldest books and stories that we have. As the account of the Brown [Bull] of Cooley in the Táin Bo Chuaílgne.

* Printed and thus translated by John O'Donovan from a MS. of the year 1453 now in Oxford. Ossianic Society, Vol. IV., page 302.

Cuailgne,” .i. an tairb mór donn ar a ttráctar i
 “oTáin bó Cuailgne” —

Ir amlaio bí an Donn Cuailgne,
 Dub-donn uimrac,
 Dírcir donn-óga;
 Fuarcrao forbarrao,
 Forrao illanao,
 Tnútao cairbeao,
 Taeb-pleamao calma,
 Coim-neart cliaðrao,
 Ceann-ápo carreao,
 Crónánao cían-íúileao, 7c.

Anoir ir é an puo éruinnigim ar an méao do
 rghioabar tuar, nao raib don filioeao maðalta, le
 cinnteaao linte agur molla ag na céao-ðaeoealaib
 do bí in ran tír reo, agur gur fár an filioeao maðalta,
 áluinn, ealaonaao, ar a bfuil eolar againn go léir, go
 mall agur go véigeannaao. “I noiaig a céile véantair
 na cairleáin,” aoeir an rean-focal ðaeoealaao, agur
 i noiaig a céile táinig arteaao ðao áille, ðao rnar, ðao
 rgham, do iunne oe’n filioeao ðaeoealaig an filioeao
 ir binne o’á bfuil ar an doiman inoiú. Cairpimio breao-
 nuðao níor ðeíre ar an ðcúir reo. Do réir na ðceíre
 Máigiririr do rghioab Annála na h-Éireann, do tugao
 leabair mór na mbreiteamao ðaeoealaao i briaonuire
 naoim páorais ’ran mbliaoain 438 o’aoir ar oTig-
 earina. Ba é an Seancur Mór ainm an leabair rin,
 agur oeir an rean-úðoar do rghioab ðluair nó nótaio-
 minigte ar an “Seancur Mór,” gur cúir file éigin

This is how the Brown [Bull] of Cooley was :—

Black-brown, haughty,
Fierce, brown-youthful,
Terrible, attacking,
Full of onslaughts and wiles,
Jealous, furious,
Side-smooth, valiant,
Powerful, thick-chested,
High-headed, forehead-curved,
Purring, red-eyed,¹ &c.

Now the fact, which I deduce from what I have written above, is, that there was no regular poetry with an established number of lines and syllables, amongst the early Gaels who lived in this country, and the regular, beautiful, scientific poetry with which we are all acquainted, grew up slow and late. “Bit by bit castles are built” says the old Irish proverb, and bit by bit there came in, each beauty, each adornment, each elegance, which has made of Irish poetry the most melodious that is in the world to-day. We must scrutinize matters more closely. According to the Four Masters who wrote “The Annals of Ireland,” the great book of the Irish Brehons was brought before St. Patrick in the year 438 A.D. The name of that book was “The Seanchus Mór” or “Great Tradition,” and the old author who wrote the gloss or explanatory notes on “The Seanchus Mór” says that a certain poet “put a

¹ These pieces have been quoted to show that there is no regularity in the lines, no rhyme, no assonance, and scarcely even alliteration.

rnóite fíliðeácta éirio, agus sup mairi ré mar rin no
 go b'acaiò páorais é, "vo b'é an fíliðeáct," aoiri ré,
 "an cúm'ac vo bí 'n-a éimcioll, agus an iuso vo bí fá'n
 gcúim'ac rin vo b'é an olige é."¹ Aoiri ní'l aon
 fíliðeáct maðalta, fá lincib com'poma, i n'olige na
 mbreiteamán, áct tá ann ro agus ann rúo loig na
 rean-fíliðeácta mí-maðalta, com'úil leir na píoraib
 vo tug mé tuar. Vo bí naom páorais féin 'na file,
 agus vo minne ré ván 'ran trean-ðaeðeilz ar a ocugao
 an "faið (nó faet) fiaoa."² Ní cinnte cao é ir ciall
 ve'n ainm reo, óir minig'ear é mar "ðlaoo an fiað,"
 nó mar "ðlaoo an fíir-faire," nó *clamor custodis*. Aoiri
 tíreacán, vo rgiob ðeata páorais i "leabari áro-
 maða," go b'fuar páorais ceitre onóra inr ðac team-
 poll i n-éirinn, agus sup b'é onóir oíob ro, "a cáintic
 ðaeðeilze vo beit v'a reinn in rna teampollaib i
 gcóinnuioe," nó mar veir tíreacán, "*Canticum ejus Scot-
 ticum semper canere*,"³ agus minig'ear rin ar b'iuac na
 ouilleoige leir na foclaib, "*Hymnus comanulo*." Aoiri
 an iðoláire róðlamta an t-ácar O h-Ógáin, supab
 ciall vo'n focal airteað ro, "*protectio clamoris*," agus
 ar an áðbari rin sup b'é "*synonyma voci faið fiaoa*."
 Vo bí an faið fiaoa mar rin v'a cántain in rna team-
 pollaib éireannaða in ran reactmáð aoir, nó in ran
 reireao aoir,⁴ agus vo b'é an baraimail coit'cionn sup

¹ Olige na mbreiteamán, 1mleabari I., leatanað 31.

² nó "láirac pháorais," ir ainm eile air. ³ Leabari áro-maða, fol. 16.

⁴ Veir tíreacán go b'fuar ré a cúio éolair ar ðeata pháorais ó n-a
 oioe, an t-earbog ultán, vo fuair bár 'ran mbliadain 656. Léigean
 Doctúir Atcinnon, *Hymnus Colman alo*, "*Liber Hymnorum*" II., l. 98.

thread of poetry through it," and that it remained so until St. Patrick saw it. "The poetry," said he, "was the protecting cover that was round about it, and the thing that was beneath that cover was the law." Now there is no regular poetry in even lines in the Brehon Laws, but here and there, there is a trace of the old irregular poetry which I have given above. St. Patrick himself, too, was a poet, and he made a poem in old Irish which was called the *Faith* or *Faeth Fiada*.¹ It is not certain what is the meaning of this name, for it is explained as the "cry of the deer," or the "cry of the watchman," "*clamor custodis*." Tirechan who wrote "The life of St. Patrick" that is in the Book of Armagh, tells that Patrick obtained four honours in every church in Ireland, and one of these honours was to have "his Irish Canticle ever sung in the churches," "*canticum ejus scotticum semper canere*;"² and this is explained in the margin by the words "*Ymnus Comanulo*." The learned scholar, Father Hogan, S.J., translates these two words by *Protectio clamoris*, and for this reason he says that it is synonymous with the "*Faith Fiada*." The "*Faith Fiada*" then was sung in the Irish churches in the seventh or sixth century,³ and the common belief

¹ Also known as St. Patrick's Iorica or breast-plate.

² Book of Armagh, Fol. 16.

³ Tirechan says that he gained his knowledge about St. Patrick's life from his tutor, Bishop Ultan, who died in the year 656. Dr. Atkinson reads for "*ymnus comanulo*," "*ymnus colmáualo*," see *Liber Hymnorum*, II. p. 98. Ed. Atkinson and Bernard.

le páiríais do múnnao é; agus ír beas-nao cinnce gur b' leir. Tá an dán ro aghainn, agus tá ré ar don éirí leir na sean-líntib eile do tug mé go dtí seo; ní'l cinnceacht línte ná cinnceacht riolla, ná "uaim," ná "comáirí," ná "uaithe," ná "munn" ionnta. As ro cuir de¹ :—

- Atompis inoiu niurc Dé dom luamaraacht,
 1. eirigim inoiu. neart Dé dom' rtiúrad,
 Cumacta Dé dom cumgabail,
 1. cumacta Dé dom' congáil,
 Ciall Dé domm imtúr,
 1. ciall Dé dom' treorugad,
 Rorc Dé dom neimcír,
 1. súil Dé dom' roth-feicir,
 Cluar Dé dom éircecht, 7c.
 1. cluar Dé dom' éirceacht.

As ro cuir eile de :—

[Sean-Šaeóeilg.]

Atompis inoiu niurc nime,
 Suilre gneine,
 Etrocta rnectai,
 Ane teneo,
 Déne lócer,
 Luate gáete,
 Fuomna mara,
 Tairirem talman,
 Cobraiocht ailech, 7c.

[Nuao-Šaeóeilg.]

eirigim inoiu. neart neime,
 soillre gneine,
 gile rneacta,
 Deallrad teneao,
 bpiš rólur,
 luatar gaoite,
 Doimne mara,
 Láropeacht talman,
 Daingne aille, 7c.

As ro aipí beagán de líntib de :—

¹ Cuirte amach le Stocer i n-a "Ghoidelica," le Windisch in a "Irische Texte," iml. I., leatanao 53, agus le Atcinnon, "Liber Hymnorum I., leatanao 133.

was that it was composed by Patrick, and it is almost certain that it was. We have this poem,¹ and it is of the same character as those other old lines which I have given up to this. There is no certain number of lines or of syllables in them, nor is there Uaim (alliteration) nor Comháirda (Irish rhyme) nor Uaithne (middle assonance) nor Rinn (increase by a syllable in the rhyming word). Here is a portion of it :—

I arise to-day,² the might of God for my piloting,
 The power of God for my protection,³
 The wisdom of God for my guidance,
 The ear of God for my hearing,
 The eye of God for my foresight, &c.

Here is another portion of it :—

I arise to-day. Might of heaven,
 Brightness of sun,
 Whiteness of snow,
 Splendour of fire,
 Speed of light,
 Swiftmess of wind,
 Depth of sea,
 Stability of earth,
 Firmness of rock, &c.

Here again are a few more lines of it :—

¹ Published by Stokes in his *Goidelica*. By Windisch in his *Irische Texte*, Vol. I., p. 53, and by Atkinson in *Liber Hymnorum* Vol. I, p. 133,

² Atkinson's translation of *Atomrig indiu*. Windisch translates " I bind to myself."

³ Dr. Atkinson has curiously omitted this line in his translation, II. p. 50.

Crírt lim, Crírt mium, Crírt im deḡaio,
 Crírt innium, Crírt írrum,
 Crírt úarum, Crírt deirrum,
 Crírt tuaatum, Crírt illiur,
 Crírt iriur, Crírt i n-erur.¹

Ir é mo baranail, ó'n méao ro, nár fhuic amac ag na ḡaeḡealaib i n-aimrii ḡáorais, na tomair, no na muorúiri fihḡeacḡa rin, 'n-a mbionn an oirgeo cḡaona de ḡiollairóib inr ḡac líne agur "comáirḡa," nó "uairne" (ir é rin "rím" ḡaeḡealaic) inr ḡac líne.

Nuair bí ḡáorais 'n-a ḡean-ḡear do minne Seacnall, mac a ḡeirḡbíúra féin, tán oó i lairín, agur ní ḡair-beánann fé in ḡan tán rin ḡo raiḡ eolar aige ar "comáirḡa," ná ar "uaim." Acḡ tá cinnteacḡ ríolla aige inr ḡac líne, agur ceirne línte inr ḡac rann. Ag ro rompla²:—

Constans in dei timore et fide immobilis,
 Super quem ædificatur ut Petrus ecclesia,
 Cujusque apostolatum a Deo sortitus est,

In cujus portæ adversus inferni non prævalent.

Anoir agur air ḡagann cineál com-ḡuaimḡ i ríol-lairóib deirneannaḡa na línte, mar acá:—

Quomodo bonum ob actum simulatur angelis,
 Perfectamque propter vitam æquatur apostolis.

Acḡ ní ḡagann na com-ḡuaimḡ reo arḡeacḡ acḡ ḡo

¹ Críort liom, Críort rómam, Críort im ḡiaig / Críort ionnam, Críort rúm / Críort ór mo cionn, Críort ar mo láim deir / Críort ar mo láim éle, Críort im' lairde / Críort im' furde, Críort im' éirge.

² ar Liber Hymnorum, le beirnao 7 acinron, iml. I., leatanaic 7.

Christ with me, Christ behind me,
 Christ in me, Christ under me,
 Christ over me, Christ at my right-hand
 Christ at my left-hand, Christ in lying down,
 Christ in sitting, Christ in rising up, &c.

My conclusion from all this is, that in the time of St. Patrick, those metres or measures of poetry in which are the same number of syllables in each line, with *comháirda* (Irish rhyme) or *Uaithne* (middle assonance) had not been invented.

When St. Patrick was an old man, *Seachnall*, (or *Sedulius* as he was called in Latin) his own sister's son, composed a poem for him in Latin, but he does not show in that poem that he had any knowledge of *Comháirda* (Irish rhyme) or of *Uaim* (alliteration). He has, however, a certain number of syllables in each line and four lines in each stanza ;—

Constans in Dei timore et fide immobilis,¹
Super quem ædificatur ut Petrus ecclesia,
Cujusque apostolatum a Deo sortitus est,
In cujus portæ adversus inferni non praevalent,

Now and again occurs a kind of rhyme-sound in the last syllables of the lines, as in :—

Quomodo bonum ob actum simulatur angelis.
Perfectamque propter vitam aequatur apostolis.

But these rhyming sounds occur only seldom, and, no

¹ See *Liber Hymnorum*, Ed. Atkinson and Bernard, Vol. I., p. 7.

h-anam, agus go cineamnac, mar i r vóis, agus ní iarrann an file iao. Ní'l aét ré cinn aca in rna dá líne óéas agus ceitpe fícto atá in ran ván.

In ran mbliadain 521 do rugaó Naom Colum Cille, agus do cum seircean an ván vada clúdamail air a vutgar "An t-Altur." Crómio coircéim móri tógta ar aghair in ran ván ro. Atá an com-fuaim le págail 'ran riolla veirceannac zac am, agus ní vúntar an líne le focal 'n-a mbíonn níor lúga 'ná trí riollair ar a lagair. As ro rompla:¹

Tuba primi archangeli,
 Strepente admirabili,
 Erumpent munitissima,
 Claustra ac poliandria,
 Mundi presentis frigora,
 Hominum liquescentia,
 Undique conglobantibus,
 Ad compagines ossibus,
 Animabus ethrialibus,
 Eisdem obeuntibus,
 Rursumque redeuntibus,
 Debitis mansionibus.

Aét i r rgiamaige go móri 'ná rin na vánta do cum ré in a fadéilg féin, má'r é do cum iao. Ní'l don aimir ar bit ann, gur b'é féin do cum an "t-Altur;"

¹ réad Liber Hymnorum, imleabair I., leatanaé 66, le beirnar agus atcinron. Do cuiread an ván ro i gló go minic. Tugtar "Altus" air, ó'n gcéad focal atá ann.

doubt, only by chance, and the poet does not seek for them. There are only six of them in the whole ninety-two lines of the poem.

In the year 521 was born St. Colum Cille, and he composed the renowned poem called the *Altus*. We see in this poem a forward step taken. The rhyming sound is to be found each time in the last syllable, and no word under at least three syllables in length closes the line. Here is an example :—

Tuba primi archangeli,¹ &c, *i.e.*
 On the trumpet of the first Archangel
 Resounding, wonderful,
 There shall burst-open the strongest
 Vaults and sepulchres.
 The [death] coldness of the present worlds,
 Of men, thawing.
 With from all sides gathering together
 The bones to the joints.
 With etherial souls
 Meeting the same,
 And again returning
 To their proper mansions.

But more decorative by far, than this are the poems that he composed in his own Irish, if it was he who really composed them. There is no doubt about it, that it was he who

¹ See the Book of Hymns, Vol. I., p. 66. Ed, Bernard and Atkinson. This poem has frequently been printed. It is called the "*Altus*."

αὐμυῖστεαί le cáč é; áčt ní'ł ré čom činnŧe žur b'é
úžŧar na nuán žačbeilž ŧo čáinž anuar čužainn
řa n-a ainn-řean. Aveiri a beáča, i leabarı na leara
Móirje,¹ i ŧačoič Čolaim Čille, “ŧorini molčaimo ŧo
muntiri ŧhé amail ħoraič an řile”:—

“Soep tpi coecca, uairli ina ʒač arɣtal,
 ʒe lin ɣeapɣa ɣér,
 ʒill tpi ʒaɣon, so [ba] roebail,
 ʒill tpi ʒaɣeɣilʒ, cam in ɣcél.”

'Do éiríonn an Coláiste ar trí cinn aca ro, agus ba é
 a bparaimail suir b'iaio obair Colaim Cille ná mírib, áit
 níl ríao in rian tream-éangair do labair na Gaoidil an
 uair ríon, agus má rinne Colum Cille iao ip móir aca
 ríao tnuailiúste ó ríon.

Tá nán siaða agaimn rghíobta i Laidion leir an naoim Cumain fada vo rugad in ran mbliadain 590, agus cíomíó ann ro coircéim eile véanta ar aghad, óir tá com-fuaim nó comairia níor fadóbre agus níor fearr aise-rian 'ná tá ag Colum Cille. Ag ro mar fomp^a:—

Bartholomei,
Impendamus *nutibus*,
Nati pendentis,
Aequora in *nubibus*, 7c.

1. “Beata Naomh,” ó leabhar na leara móire, leáchanac 29. Stocer.
 1. do minne molta iomda do mhuintir Dé, aithil a subairt an file:—
 “Saor, trí caogair, níor uairle ’nád gac abrtal / Iy lionthar a fearra
 mar féar / Curo tré laioion, do ba doibinn (?) / Curo tré gaedailg,
 caoin an rgeál.

² Liber Hymnorum. Երեսնոս ասոր ստորոն, Իմլ. I., Լ. 1.

composed the *Altus*, it is admitted by everyone. But it is not so certain that it is he who is the author of the Irish poems which have come down to us under his name. His life in "The Book of Lismore," says of Colum Cille¹ "he composed many praises for the people of God, as the poet said—

"Full, thrice fifty, nobler than every apostle,
The number of miracles [of poems] are [as] grass,
Some in Latin which was beguiling,
Some in Irish, fair the tale."

Colgan mentions three of these, and it was his opinion that they were Colum Cille's genuine work. But they are not in the old language that the Gaels of that time used to speak, and if Colum Cille did compose them, they are greatly corrupted.

We have a religious poem in Latin, by Saint Cumain the Tall, who was born in the year 590, and we see here yet another step in advance taken, for he has a richer and better rhyme-sound or "*comharda*," than has Colum Cille. Here is an example:—

Bartholomei
Impendamus *nubibus*
Nati pendentis
Aequora in *nubibus*, &c.

¹ See Stokes *Lives of the Saints* from "The Book of Lismore," p. 29.

Do mhinne cléiread eile o'ár b'ainm Cucuimne, oán
 1 Laidion, as molaó Muire, 1 n-aimrii Loingriú mic
 Aengara, do bí 'n-a miú ó'n mbliadain 695, go dtí a
 704; agus i' binne a béairairí go móri 'ná don béarra
 o'á tucamar fóir. I' í reo an céad úgair a bfeicimí
 oá nírib loir na filideacta Gaedelaige ar a Laidion,
 mar atá Uaitne agus Uaim. Nuair gnuideann focal
 veireannad, líne ar bit, com-ruaim le focal 1 lár
 na líne a leanar, eus na Gaedil Uaitne air, agus
 ní'l don muo níor cleactaighe agus níor coitcínne 1
 bfilideact na nGaedal 'ná an Uaitne reo. As ro
 rompla air, ar an oán "Oirín 1 oTíri na nÓg";—

Do geadair flead, imirir 'r ól,
 Do geadair ceol binn ar céad,
 Do geadair airgíod agus óir,
 Do geadair fóir iomaí réad.

Do geadair céad claidéam san gó,
 Agus céad briat rióil de fíora daor,
 Geadair céad ead i' mair 1 ngleo,
 Agus céad leo de conaid gair.

Anoir fághmaoir—'rí an céad uair fághmaoir é—an
 Uaitne céadna ro in ran oán Laidion do mhinne
 Cucuimne timcioll na bliadna 700. Agus ní h-é amáin
 gur cleact ré Uaitne 1 n-a oán, act tucann ré Uaim
 arteaó ann mar an gcéadna. Nuair tóraigheann oá
 focal leir an liciir céadna, agus nuair tuiteann briú

Another cleric whose name was Cuchuimne, composed a poem in Latin in praise of the Virgin, in the time of Loingseach son of Aenghus, who was king from the year 695 to 704, and his verses were much more melodious than any we have yet given. This is the first writer or author on whose Latin we see the traces of Irish poetry, as *Uaithne* (middle assonance) and *Uaim*, (alliteration). When the last word of any line makes a rhyming sound with a word in the line that follows, the Gaels called it *Uaithne*, and there is nothing more usually practised and more common in the poetry of the Gaels than this *Uaithne*. Here is an example of it from the poem of "Oisín in the Land of the Young":—

The mirthful feast, the joyous *play*
 And music's *sway* all blest, benign—
 Silver *untold* and store of *gold*,
 Undreamt by the *old* shall all be thine.

A hundred swords of steel *refined*
 A hundred cloaks of *kind* most rare,
 A hundred *steeds* of proudest *breed*,
 A hundred hounds thy *meed* when there.*

Now we find—it is the first time that we do find it—this same *Uaithne* in the Latin poem that Cuchuimne composed about the year 700. And it is not alone that he made use of *Uaithne* in his poem, but he introduces *Uaim* (or alliteration) as well. When two words begin with the same letter, and when the stress of the voice

* Thus translated by my friend Mr. Flannery.

an gōta ar an gcéad fíolla de'n focal, do tug na
 Gaedil Uaim air, mar in rna lincib reo:—

Cibé aguib ir Sia Saoḡal,

Ní fada ó'n té ir buaine an bár.

Aḡur fágmaois an Uaim reo don uair amáin, ar a
 laḡao, inr ḡac ceatramain de'n ván ro do rinne
 Cuicumne. Aḡ ro mar coraigean rē¹:—

Cantemus in omne die, concinentes varie,

Conclamantes Deo *Dignum ymnum* Sanctae Mariæ.

Bis per chorum, hinc et inde collaudemus Mariam,

Ut vox pulset *Omnem Aures* per *laudem* vicariam.

* * * * *

Hæc est Summa, hæc est Sancta Virgo Venerabilis,

Quæ ex fide non *recessit* sed *exSTetit STabilis*, &c.

Timcioll an ama céadna, nuair bi Adamnán beo,
 ir é rin am éigin poim an mbliadain 704, do rinne
 Eiréannaic eile, Aengur mac Típpaite, ván laisíon do
 naom Máirtain, aḡur tá an Uaitne aḡur an Uaim i gceat-
 ramain nó vó de'n ván ḡearr ro ḡo fíor-binn.²

Martinus Mirus More / ore laudavit Deum,

Puro Corde Cantavit / atque amavit eum.

Act in ran gceatramain leanar rin, ní'l don Uaitne, act
 ir leor leir an bpile Uaim do déanam:—

Electus Dei vivi Signa Sibi Salutis,

Donavit Deus pacis magnæ atque virtutis.

Do coḡ mé na vánta laíone reo le cairbeánt mar
 do táinis an fíliúeact cum cinn amearḡ na nḡaeveal,

¹ Liber Hymnorum, 1ml. I., l. 33. ² Id. 1ml. I., leatánac 46.

falls upon the first syllable of each word, the Gaels called it Uaim, as in these lines:—

Which of you has the *Longest Life*,
The *Firmest* is not *Far* from death.

And we find this Uaim or alliteration at least once in each stanza of the poem which Cuchuimne composed. Here is how it begins¹:—

Cantemus in omne die concinentes varie,
Conclamantes Deo *Dignum Hymnum* Sanctae Mariae,
Bis per chorum, hinc et inde collaudemus Mariam,
Ut vox pulset *Omnem Aurem* per *laudem* vicariam,
Haec est Summa, haec est Sancta Virgo Venerabilis,
Quae ex fide non *recessit* sed *exStetit* Stabilis, &c.

About the same time, when Adamnan was alive, that is some time prior to the year 704, another Irishman, Aengus son of Tipraite, composed a Latin poem to St. Martin, and there is truly-melodious Uaim and Uaithne both, in one or two stanzas of this short poem.

Martinus Mirus More // ore laudavit Deum,
Puro Corde Cantavit // atque amavit eum.

In the stanza which follows this, there is no Uaithne or middle-rhyme, and the poet thinks it enough to have made Uaim or alliteration.

Electus ei vivi Signa Sibi Salutis,
Donavit Deus pacis magnæ atque virtutis.

I have chosen these Latin poems in order to show how poetry grew to a head amongst the Gaels, for it is

¹ Book of Hymns I., p. 33.

óiri doimuiḡṡear gur b'iao na daoine ar a leasṡar na
ḡiortaíḡ reo, do cum iao dá míuib. Agus ní'l aṡruḡaḡ
ar biṡ oéanta in ran teangaiḡ 'n-ar rḡríoḡ riao, ó ba
teanga maib í, náir fár agus náir aṡraiḡ ó'n lá rin
ḡo oṡí an lá inoiú, mar o'fár agus mar o'aṡraiḡ an
ḡaeḡeilḡ.

Anoir ní'l ré in-ḡreioṡe naṡ b'reaṡaḡ na ḡaeḡil, do
minne oáṡta binne 'ran laioion (aḡ cleaṡtaḡ ionṡta
Uaime, agus Uaiṡne, agus "comáíṡa," nó "míme"
ḡaeḡealaḡe), ní'l ré in-ḡreioṡe, aṡeiuim, naṡ b'reaṡaḡ
riao-ran na rṡair céaṡna ro do ṡaḡairṡ arṡeáṡ i n-a
ḡcuio ríliḡeaṡta réin ó'n ḡcúḡeaḡ nó ó'n reireáḡ
céaḡ-bliáḡan amaṡ. Aṡṡ ir é an mí-áḡ naṡ b'reaṡa-
maioṡ a maḡ ḡo cinṡte i oṡaoib na noán do cumaoar i
nḡaeḡeilḡ, má'r ar an ḡcuma a b'ruil riao anoir do
cumaḡ iao ar oṡúr. Óiri ní maib aon céaḡ-bliáḡan ó'n
am rin ḡo oṡí an lá inoiú naṡ maib aṡruḡaḡ beaḡ o'á
oéanaṡ i oṡeangaiḡ na tíre, agus nuair fuair na rean-
rḡríoḡbuiḡe ḡiorta ríliḡeaṡta a maib rean-b'riaṡra agus
corṡa-ṡainte náir ṡleaṡtaoar réin ann, o'aṡruḡoír é ar
n-a aṡṡ-rḡríoḡaḡ o'óib, ar móḡ ḡo mbeṡ ré níor corṡúile
le canaṡain na h-aimeire in a maib riao réin beó. Ar
an áḡḡar rin ir oeaṡar aon ruo do maḡ le cinṡteáṡ i
oṡaoib na noán ḡaeḡeilḡ do cumaḡ in ran am céaṡna
'n-ar cumaḡ na oáṡta laioine, óiri tá na oáṡta laioine
aḡainn ḡo oíreáṡ mar do minneaḡ iao, aṡṡ ta cuḡaíḡ
nuáḡ ḡo mó míuic, ar na oáṡtaib ḡaeḡeilḡe, cuḡaíḡ do

admitted that it was the people to whom these pieces are attributed who actually composed them. And there has no change been made in the language in which they wrote them, since it was a dead language, which neither grew nor changed from that day till the present, while the Irish language has grown and changed.

Now, it is not credible but that the Gaels who made such melodious poems in Latin, practising in them *uaim*, *uaithne* and *comharda* or Irish rhyme, it is not possible I say, but that they would have been able to bring in the same decorations in their own poetry from the fifth or sixth century onward. But the misfortune is, that we cannot say for certainty about the poems which they composed in Irish, whether they were composed originally in the same shape as that in which we now have them, because there was no century from that time till the present day, that there was not some small change being made in the language of the country, and whenever the old scribes found a piece of poetry in which were ancient words and twists-of-talk (idioms) which they did not themselves employ, they used to change it in re-writing it, so that it should be more like the dialect of the time in which they were themselves living. For that reason it is difficult to say anything with certainty about the Irish poems that were composed at the same time as the Latin poems, for we have the Latin poems exactly as they were made, but there is too often a new apparel over the Irish poems, an

cuirteas oirra le ríobnóirib aineolaíca. Féad Colum Cille marí rompla. Cá méas ar ríob réiréan ve na vántaib atá leagta air? Tá níor mó 'ná céas agus ríce ván Gaedheilge a bfuil a ainm or a gcionn, aet b'féoir naé bfuil aet ré cinn nó reáet gcinn vób vo cum ré féin, agus ní'l ríao ro againn marí o'fás ríao a lám. As ro rompla nó vó ve na vántaib ir corinúile vo beir leir.

Ir aine capaim Doine,
 Ar a péirde, ar a glaine,
 'S ar iomao a aingeal finn,
 Ó'n cinn go roic aróile.¹

Ir ríor-binn é reo. As ro aríor pann ar ván eile:—

Fuaim na goici mair in leman,
 Aróor peti,
 Longaire linn vuid conatí,
 Ar mben a eti.²

As ro, ar an Roimíad o'Amra Colum Cille, pann beas vo minne ré vo Naom Colmán, nuair bí Colmán 'n-a leanb beas:—

A éubur con, a ainm glan
 Ar ro póic vuit, vaille phóic vam.³

Ní meairaim go bfuil aon amhar ann náir vubairt ré an

¹ Beata Cholaim Cille, le naom adaimnán. Editio Reeves, l. 288 .i., "Ir ar an dóbar ro gráduigim Doine, / ar a péirde, ar a glaine, / ar iomao a aingeall finn, / ó ceann ve go vici ceann eile."

² Id. l. 274, .i., fuaim na gaite leir an gcann leamain / . . . / ceol an lonuib le h-átar / ar cratad a ríatán.

³ Liber Hymnorum, atcmron agus bernard, tml. I., l. 164, .i., "a coiríair éaom, a anaim glain, / as ro póg vuit, tabair póg vam."

apparel placed upon them by ignorant writers. Look at Colum Cille for example. How many of the poems that are ascribed to him did he really write? There are at present more than 120 Irish poems headed with his name, but perhaps there are not more than six or seven of them that he himself composed, and we have not got these in the state in which they left his hand. Here is an example or two of the poems that are most probably by him :—

This is why I love Derry,
For its smoothness, for its purity,
And for the number of its white angels
From one end of it to the other.¹

This is really melodious. Here again is a stanza from another poem :—

The sound of the wind against the elms
When it is played [?]
The blackbird's joyous note
When he claps his wings.²

Here is from the preface to the Amra of Colum Cille a little verse that he made for Saint Colman, when Colman was a child :—

O, fair conscience, O, pure soul,
Here is a kiss for thee, give thou a kiss to me.

I do not think that there can be any doubt, but that

¹ Adaman's Life of Colum Cille. Reeves Ed. p. 288.

² Id. p. 274. This is O'Curry's translation made for Reeves.

oá líne rimpliúe reo, oá mírib, óir ní cornúil go
 gcumraó b'réasaoóiri mann beas ruarac mar ro le n-a
 cúir i mbéal Colum Cille.

Doeir an poimháó do'n oán "b'riúit be biú-mait"
 gur b'é Colum Cille do iunne é, b'féoiri, aóe veiri cuio
 gur b'é Naomh Ultán a úgaoi, no Naomh b'heanóan
 Cluana Fearra. Do ruairi Ultán báir 'ran mbliadóin
 656 agus ruairi Naomh b'heanóan báir 'ran mbliadóin 577.
 Ní féoiri a ráó anoir cia aca cum an oán, aóe ir beas-
 naó cinnce go oáinir ré anuar cúgairn ó'n reáómaó
 céao-bliadóan, agus, má táinir, ir crioúgao iomlán é
 ar binnear iongantaó na n'gaeóeal ag oéanaí filio-
 eaóta in a oteangao féin. Ag ro cuio oe.¹

b'riúit be biú-mait
 b'neo Oíroa Oíbleaó
 Do.n .re von biú-lait
 in grian Tíno Tairlech.

Ro.n.roeíia b'riúit
 Sech Oíungu Oemna
 Ro. Roena Reunn
 Caóa Caó teoma, 7c.

Do cúmaó oán eile do Naomh b'riúit le b'rocán
 Cloen do ruairi báir 'ran mbliadóin 650, agus tá ceat-
 maína ríor-binne ann. Ní ar aon toímar ná ar aon

¹ Liber Hymnorum, le aciníon agus beiríar, I., leatanaó 110; .i.,
 b'riúit, béit biú-mait / laíarí óíroa laíaríail / go oíugao rí rínn do

he really spoke these two simple lines, for it is not probable that a forger would forge a miserable little verse like this to put in the mouth of Colum Cille. The preface to the poem, "Brigit, maiden ever-good," says that it was, perhaps, Colum Cille who composed this poem, though some say that St. Ultan was the author, or St. Brendan of Clonfert. Ultan died in the year 656, and St. Brendan died in the year 577. It is impossible to say now who composed the poem, but it is almost certain that it came down to us from the seventh century, and if it has, it is a complete proof of the wonderful melody of the Gaels when making poetry in their own tongue :—

Brigit ever-good woman,
Flame, golden, sparkling,
May she bear us to the eternal Kingdom,
The sun, fiery, radiant.

May Brigit free us
Past crowds of demons,
May she win for us
Battles over every disease.

Another poem was composed for Saint Brigit by Brocán the squint-eyed, who died in the year 650, and there occur exceedingly melodious verses in it. Not in one

bít-flaitear, / an grian teinncead lonnrae. / So raopaib bñigro rinn. /
[So otcuagab ri rinn] ear oiongaib beathán. / So mbuipib ri pothainn /
cata ar gac galap.

níorúir do cum ré an tán, má 'r é do cum é, áct fa
 comraib éagraíla. 1r cor múil é sur cruinnigeaó le
 céile na ceatrainna ro le tuine éigin tar éir aimirie
 b'riocáin, áct go bfuil ríao féin com rean leir an
 reachtmaó céao-bliadán.¹

Cetna éogairt vi-a forseo
 La cet-im ní fenamain,
 Ní. r gairb do rač a hóeseo
 Ní. r vígairb al-lenamain.

Al-luēt raille iar-fuioiu,
 Fercom—ba haro in corcuir,
 Sech ba račech in cu oe
 Ní bu briónach in torcuir.

Ag ro rann eile, ar, ar comar eile.

Ampa tinne renartar,
 Ba neit Dé ro. o. glinneretar,
 Ro. bóí mí lán larin coin,
 In cu nocon milleretar.²

Do méir na n-ollam mór Gearmánac rin, Zimmer
 agus Kuno Meyer, do rgríobao an rean rgeal “Iomráin
 b'rain mic feabail,” in ran reachtmaó céao-bliadán.

¹ Liber Hymnorum, le Atcínron agus Bernaro, I., l. 116, .i., an céao
 buaile-bó (?) ór cuiréad í / le céao-im [an trearúir] : gearbao / níor
 glac rí don ruo ar rač a h-aoibéad / níor lagúir rí a leanamain. / a
 cuo raille [bagúin] tar éir rin, / don trácnóna atháin, ba h-áro an

metre or one measure only did he compose this poem, if it is he who did compose it, but in various metres. It is probable that these stanzas were gathered together by some person after Brocán's time, but that they are as old as the seventh century :—

The first dairying on which she was sent,
With first butter in a cart,
She took nought from the gift of her guests,
Nor did she lessen her following.

Her portion of bacon, after that,
One evening—the victory was high—
Not merely was the dog satisfied with it,
The company was not grieved.

Here is another stanza from it, in a different metre :—

A wonder was bacon that she blessed
And God's power kept it safely,
It was a full month with the hound,
(Yet) the hound did not injure it.

According to those great German scholars, Zimmer and Kuno Meyer, the old story of the wanderings of Bran son of Febal, was written in the seventh century. It

ḃuaid / ní hé aitháin go mba pátao an cu dé, / áit níor bhónaó na
h-aoiúe [o'á earburó].

² Id. I., l. 120, .1. “iongnao bagún feun [beannuig] rí / ba neart dé
vo cuithuig é / bi ré mí lán leir an goim / an cú níor míll ré é.”

Ír mar gheall ar na foirneirí doirte ará in ran nGaeóeilg
 veir ríao rin. Ácť fágmaois in ran ván ro ceatmáina
 ará go h-iongantać binn, agus comárta, no rím Gaeó-
 ealać, com foirfe, iomlán, agus ará le fágail ó'n airmir
 rin a-leit. As ro rompla¹ :—

Corra rinorune fóe,
 Taitni tré bítu gnóe,
 Cáin tír tría bítu báta,
 Foirneis inna h**ilbláta**.

Fil ano bile co mblátaib,
 Foirneisiet eóin vo trátaib,
 Ír tré cocetul ír gnát,
 Congaisiet uilí cech trát.

Ní gnát écóiniuo na mriat
 Ní mrius dénta etar**gnát**,
 Ní bí nać garss rin cruidir,
 Ácť mar céul mbino rin**ben clúair**.

Cen brón, cen tuba, cen bár,
 Cen nać ngalaí, cen inozár,
 Ír eo etarigne n-Emne,
 Ní comcig a comam**ne**.

¹ Iomparth brian, imleabhar I., leatanać 7. Kuno Meyer agus nuct,
 .i., cora rinorunne [míotal éigin] faoi / as foillirugad tré doirib
 doibne, / tír éaoim tré beata an vómáin / ar a veirceann bláta éas-
 rathla, / ará an bile agus bláta air / ar a ngoiuro na héanlaít vo na
 trátaib / ír tré ceol ír gnát / go ngoiuro uile gac trát / ní gnát éas-

is because of the ancient forms that are in the Irish of the piece that they say so. But we find in this poem stanzas that are wonderfully melodious, and *comharda* or Irish rhyme as perfect and complete as any to be found from that day to this. Here is an example:—

Feet of fine bronze under it,
Glittering through beautiful ages,
Lovely land throughout the world's age,
On which the many blossoms drop.

An [ancient] tree there is with blossoms,
On which birds call to the hours,
It is with harmony it is their wont
To call together every hour.

Unknown is wailing or treachery,
In the familiar cultivated land,
There is nothing rough or hard,
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Without grief, without sorrow, without death,
Without any sick men, without debility,
That is the sign of Emain,
Uncommon is an equal marvel.

caoine na bpar / 'ran tír déanta faotruighe, / ní bíonn don níl gar
le cruaidh / áit aithin ceol binn ag baint le cluair. / Gan brón, gan
uibhe, gan bá / Gan don gálar, gan anbhaine, / is é rin cotharta
eathna / ní coitíonn a coth-iongantar [i. iongantar mar é.]

'Do éairbeán mé anois, agus raoilim go bfuil ré
 crioitighthe agam san aon amhar ar bit, go maib blá
 áluinn na filioeácta rgeithe go rgiamaic amearg na
 nGaeóeal in ran reachtmaó céao-bliadán, agus b'féidir
 le tamall mói moime rin. Bí móran miorúr, no tomair,
 no cuma béarrairgeácta aca; bí uaitne, uaim, comáir, aca,
 cinnreáct linte, agus cinnreáct riolla aca, com'fada
 riar uainn leir an reachtmaó aois, ar a laisao. Is é rin
 le máo go maib na Gaeóil trí céao bliadán, no níor mó,
 amac moim an gcuid eile o'eoiair i staobh gac nio 'do
 bain le filioeáct. Óir atá ré rochruigthe náir cleaáct
 aon éine comáir no "mim" i n-eoiair níor túirge ná
 an naomáó no an reáctmaó céao-bliadán, agus ann rin,
 féin, ní maib ré aca áct go garb agus go mí-binn, agus
 ní'le ré le cur i gcomórtur le binneair na filioeácta
 Gaeóealaise. Ar an áobair rin, is iao na Gaeóil
 múinteóirí na h-eoiair, agus is uata o'rógluim an
 Éirioirtreáct foirme na filioeácta atá o'á gcleaáct
 ag gac cineá aca inoiú. Ní h-iao na Gaeóil 'do cuir
 o'á leir féin an onóir reo, áct na rgioláirí is mó clú
 'ran gÉirioirtreáct 'do tug oíob é. Deir an t-ollam
 mói Gaeimánac Zeuss, an fear 'do méiricis an bealaic,
 ar oír, 'do rtioreáirac na oteangtaó Ceilteac, gur
 b'iao na Ceilteis 'do fuair amac an "mim," agus deir ré
 nac bfuil aon amhar ann nac ó na Ceilteisib 'do fuair
 na Rómánaig i.* Deir Constantín Nigra, an rgioláir

* Grammatica Celtica, editio Ebel, leatanaic 977. réac map an
 gcéao na leatanaig 946, 948.

I have now shown, and I think proved beyond any question, that the fair flower of poetry had blossomed amongst the Gaels in the seventh century, and possibly for a considerable time before that. They had many measures, or metres, or forms of versification, they had *Uaithne* (middle assonance), *Uaim* (alliteration) *Comh-arda* (Irish rhyme), a settled number of syllables in the line, and of lines in the verse, as far back as the seventh century, at the least. This is to say that the Gaels were three hundred years or more in advance of the rest of Europe, in everything pertaining to poetry. Because it is established that no nation practised *comh-arda* or rhyme in Europe before the ninth or tenth century, and even then it was only rough and unmelodious, and not to be placed for a moment in comparison with the melody of Irish poetry. Hence, it is the Gael who are the teachers of Europe, and it is from them that Christendom learned the forms of poetry that are practised by every nation at the present day. And it is not the Gael who ascribed to himself this honour, but it is the most famous scholars of Christendom who have given it to him. The great German scholar *Zeuss*, the man who first cleared the way for the study of the Celtic language, asserts that it was the Celts who first invented rhyme, and he has no doubt, but that it was from the Celts the Romans derived it. *Constantin Nigra* the illustrious Italian scholar says the same thing in

bheáđ 1otáileac an nio céadna le briađraiđ nioi láioipe 'ná tá riao as Zeuss féin.¹ Acť ní dontuigeann an Seaimánac fóglaicta Thurneysen leo ro.² Deiri reirlean sup ó na Rómánaiđiđ vo fuaip na Seadail a gcuro tomai no miorúip, 'na bfuil cinnteať linte asur cinnteať piolla inr gať line. Ir é a bheiteamnar-ran sup éirig na tomai r eo (tomai na noán oiađa vo cleať an eaglai a bfuil píim ionnta), mai fár náúipđa ó'n teangaid Rómánaiđ féin, asur go bfuai na h-Éirleanaiđ ó na Rómánaiđiđ iao. Ir anai ce le veiread an ceatpamať céao-bliad an fágmaoi an céao "pím" i laioion, in rna béaipraiđ vo pinne Ambipór asur Abairtin. Asur nioi luđa 'ná tri céao bliad an 'na oiaig rin fágmaoi oánta amearg na nSeadeal a bfuil píim ionnta nioi binne 'ná vo bí as na Rómánaiđiđ ariam. Asur fágmaoi, 'ran am céadna, foipm píme nať bfuaradai ó oúine ai bit, oip ní'l ré as oúine ai bit eile acť aca féin, ir é rin an "Deibide Áip-pinn." Ir é ro ir Deibide Áip-pinn an : cuiteann bpiđ an gođa ai piolla an comáipda, in ran gcéao line, acť ní cuiteann pí ai an piolla céadna in ran oaija line. Tá reať piollaio in ran line, asur má cuiteann bpiđ an gođa ai an reaťmať piolla in ran gcéao line cuipio pí ai an reiread piolla in ran line leana, no má cuiteann pí ai an reiread piolla in ran gcéao line, cuipio pí ai an gcúigeať piolla 'ran line leana. As ro rompla no oó :

¹ Glossæ Hibernicæ Veteres Codicis Taurinensis. Lutetiæ, 1869, l. xxxi.

words even stronger than Zeuss himself. But the learned German Thurneysen does not agree with them. He says that it was from the Romans the Gaels derived their metres, or measures, in which there is a certain number of lines in the quatrain, and of syllables in the line. His opinion is that these metres (the rhymed metres of the religious poems in use by the church) arose as a natural growth from the Latin tongue itself, and that the Irish derived them from the Romans. It is towards the end of the fourth century we find the first rhymes in Latin, in the verses of Ambrose and Augustin, and less than 300 years after this we find amongst the Gaels poems with rhyme in them, more melodious than ever the Romans had. And we find at the same time a form of rhyme that they did not derive from anybody else, for no one else possessed it except themselves, I mean the *Deibhidhe Airdrinn*. The *Deibhidhe Airdrinn* consists in this:—the stress of the voice falls upon a rhyming syllable in the first line, but it does not fall upon the corresponding syllable in the second line. There are seven syllables in the line, and if the stress of the voice falls upon the seventh syllable in the first line, it will fall upon the sixth syllable in the line that follows, or if it falls on the sixth syllable in the first line, it will fall upon the fifth syllable in the line that follows. Here is an example or two:—

² *Irische Texte* III. I., leaf 168, &c.

Impròe Muir̃e Mòir̃e,
 Iar rcoṑao na canoine,
 Co n-aittrebam ṑall co ṑuṑb,
 Irim t̃ir̃i a bfuil p̃ilip.¹

Caitrò riolla nìor mó beir̃ in ran b̃focal c̃rìoc̃nuiṑear an ṑara líne 'ná in ran b̃focal c̃rìoc̃nuiṑear an céao líne; má tá aon r̃iolla amáin in ran b̃focal c̃rìoc̃nuiṑear an céao líne beir̃ ṑá r̃iolla i b̃focal veiriṑ na ṑara líne; má tá ṑá r̃iolla i b̃focal veiriṑ na céao líne beir̃ t̃ir̃i riollair̃ i b̃focal veiriṑ na ṑara líne. B̃i an ṑnár ro aṑ na ṑaeṑealair̃ in ran reaṑt̃m̃aṑ céao-bliṑan, aṑur ní b̃fuaraṑar ó na Róm̃ánaṑiṑb é, óir̃ ní r̃air̃b ré aṑ na Róm̃ánaṑiṑb, aṑur nuair̃ naṑ b̃fuaraṑar, ní mearaim ṑur̃ cóir̃ a r̃iáṑ ṑo b̃fuaraṑar an comár̃ṑa no an r̃im̃ uaṑa. Táinṑ an ṑá ruṑ ar an aon áit amáin ir̃ ṑóig̃, aṑur ir̃ i an áit r̃in ó na ṑaeṑealair̃ féin, aṑur veiri ṑoṑt̃úir̃ aṑcinṑon ṑur̃ ṑóig̃ leir̃ ṑo r̃air̃b lir̃reaṑa na h-áibṑir̃ie r̃oinnte i r̃anṑair̃b éaṑ-r̃am̃la cum comár̃ṑa nó r̃im̃ ṑaeṑealac̃ ṑo ṑéanaṑ ṑiṑb, oir̃eaṑ aṑur ṑá m̃ile bliṑan ó r̃oin, aṑ na r̃ileṑair̃b ṑaeṑealac̃a.² Tá áṑbar̃ eile aṑam r̃á naṑ ṑc̃peirim̃ ṑo ṑáinṑ na comár̃ir̃ ṑaeṑealac̃a ó *tetrameter trochaicus*,

¹ Liber Hymnorum, "Hymnus S. Philippi," I., leat̃anaṑ 185, .i., impr̃oe muir̃e móir̃e / tar̃ éir̃ r̃uaṑṑa na canóine, / ṑo ṑcom̃nuiṑm̃iṑ ṑall ṑan moill / in ran t̃ir̃i a b̃fuil p̃ilip.

² Liber Hymnorum, II. xxxii.

The word of mild Mary w^on
 In cutting off the caⁿon,
 May we sail in silent shⁱp
 And find the land of Phⁱllip.

There must be a syllable more in the word which finishes the second line, than in the word which finishes the first line. If there is only one syllable in the word which finishes the first line, there will be two syllables in the last word of the second line; if there are two syllables in the last word of the first line, there will be three syllables in the last word of the second line. The Gaels had this usage in the 7th century, and they did not get it from the Romans, because the Romans had not got it, and since they did not get this, I do not think it is fair to say that they got their *comharda* or peculiar rhyme from them either. The two things certainly came from the one quarter, and that quarter was from the Gaels themselves. And even Dr. Atkinson says that he has no doubt but they had divided the letters of the alphabet into different divisions, for the purpose of their *comhárdá* or Irish rhyme, as far back as two thousand years ago.¹ I have another reason, too, for not believing that the Irish metres came from the trochaic tetrameter of the Romans. Take for example

¹ Liber Hymnorum, II., xxxlii.

na Rómánac. Glac, marí fómpla, na línte reo ar an Pervigilia Veneris:—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet,

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latinos transtulit.

Má déantair ceitíre línte víob ro, geibimíó an comar clúdamaíl rin Séasna, áct amáin nac bfuil an comáíra ná an uaim ann, agus nac bfuil riollair na bfoal veiréanna céar.¹ Cuir Saedéilz oíria agus macáiríar mar ro²:—

Sháduigead an té náir sháduig,

'S éirí sháduig, sháduig 'nir,

Slíocht na Tríaoi, do rinne 'n sháó-ra

Lairíng áiríá víob, ir rir.

Cíomíó annró go bfuil rhythmus trochaicus in rna líntib reo, agus go dtuicéann brígz an shóta go maíalta mar rian Lairíon:—

Cras am/et qui / nūnqu' a/mavait/, 7c.,

no 'ran nSaedéilz:—

Shádui/igead an / té náir / sháduig, 7c.

Anoir dá mbuó ó na Rómánaişib do fuair na Saedil na miorúir reo, nac mearramaoir go nádúrda go scong-bócaoir an rhythmus, no tuicim maíalta brígz an shóta? Áct níor congáigeadar riam, agus ní mearram go bfuil

¹ Cíodnuigéar an déas agus an tpeas líne 'ran Séasna le focal dá folla, agus an dara agus an ceathrúad líne le focal aoin folla.

² Liber Hymnorum II., xx.

these lines from the *Pervigilia Veneris* :—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras
amet,

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latinos transtulit.

If of these two lines four lines be made, we get the renowned metre *Séadna*, only without *comháda* (Irish rhyme) or *uaim* (alliteration), and without the correctness of the final syllables.¹ Turn them into English² and they will run some way thus :—

Let him love who never lovèd,
Thou who didst love, love again,
Troy's descendants, love made of them
Latins as the Latins are.

We see here that the trochaic metre is kept up in these lines, and the voice-stress falls regularly as in the Latin :—

Cras am/et qui / nūqu' a/māvait, &c.

Or in English :—

Lét him / love who / nēver / lovèd, &c.

Now if it was from the Romans the Gaels got these metres, should we not naturally think that they would keep the rhythm, or the regular rise and fall of the voice-stress. But they never did observe this, and I do

¹ In *Séadna* the first and third line must end in a dissyllable, the second and fourth in a monosyllable.

² I have translated it into English so as to give the effect of what I have written in Irish.

ceitíre línte anois a céile le fáil i nGaeóil, a
 tuiteann b'í an gorta go maíalta, .i., gearr—fada,
 gearr—fada, ar na ríollairí, in san Dán Díreac, is é
 rin i rean-tomraib na b'ilead. Do fáil Zimmer gur
 tuit b'í an gorta go maíalta, agus gur iambi do bí
 i líntib oét ríolla, agus fáil Kuno Meyer gur trochæi
 do bí i líntib reat ríolla; aét ní hamlaí adá ar don
 cor. As ro, mar íompla rann ríobta i Séana,
 agus má g'íobtar iambi do na líntib oét ríolla agus
 trochæi do na líntib reat ríolla, ní féadfaí do iad
 do fáil ór áir gan an teanga do fáil, do lénaí,
 agus do míleat:—

Do geimead iníean ó'n úmla,
 D'ár b'íre mínte Mac Dé,
 An mac ar a huairle d'airígead,
 Dar leat fuairí rí'n airíge é.¹

Anois níor labairí na línte reo as na Gaeóilairí
 maí le ríolla gearr as leanmaí ríolla fada, no a
 contrálar rin.

Do geim/ead in/íean on / úmlá
 Dar' b'íre/e mínt/cé Mac / Dé.

Níor labairí Gaeóil ar maí mar rin iad, aét labairí ré
 go náúrída iad, agus leis ré do b'í an gorta tuitim

¹ ar rean ríobinn i reilb an ríobinníra, le fáil gan ainm.

not think that there are to be found in Irish four lines after one another, in which the stress of the voice falls with regularity on the syllables, short—long, short—long, in *Dán Díreach*, or straight verse, i.e., in the old metres of the Bards. Zimmer thought that the stress of the voice did fall with regularity, and that all eight-syllable lines were iambic, while Kuno Meyer once believed that all seven-syllable lines were trochaic, but it is not so by any means. Here for example is a stanza written in *Séadna*, and if iambs are made out of the octosyllabic lines and trochees out of the heptasyllabic ones they could not be pronounced aloud without twisting, straining and ruining the language :—

Of lowliness came a *daughter*,¹
 And He who *brought her* was God,
 Noble her son was and *stately*,
 Enobling *greatly* this sod.

Now these lines were never spoken by the Gaels as though a short syllable followed a long syllable regularly, or *vice versa* :—

Ōf lōw/līnēss / cāme ā / dāughtēr,
 Ānd Hē / whō brōught / hēr wās / Gōd, &c.

The Gaels never spoke it like this, but spoke it naturally, and allowed the stress of the voice to fall on the syllable

¹ This is nearly the equivalent in metric to the Irish *rann*.

ar an iolla ar a tuitreao ré i bhríor, ius beas
mar ro:—

Do ^íseineao ^íiníean
Ó'n ^íumla,
Darb ^íoíoe ^ímuínte
m^íac Dé.
An m^íac ar a h-^íuairle
D' ^íairígeao,
Dar leat ^írúair rí
'n ^íairíge é.

Ar an dóbar rin ir cinnte mé naé raið an ceairt as
Zimmer ná as Kuno Meyer, asur tá a fíor agam sur
atruig an ríoláiríe veiréannaé ro a baraimail ó foin,
bíod nári éuir ré rin i ríoló. Ir ríolíg liom, mar an
ríoláiríe, naé bfuil an ceairt as Doctúirí atcíníon nuair
léirígeann ré an ríoláiríe ríoláiríe ríoláiríe Cumain ríoláiríe,
ríoláiríe, i ríoláiríe, amail asur ríoláiríe mbeir ríoláiríe trochæus i
ríoláiríe-leiríe ríoláiríe line, asur ríoláiríe iambus 'ran leiríe veiréan-
nairíe / mar ro¹:—

^íPatric/^íi pat/^íris / ^íobsec/^íremus / ^ímerita,

^íUt De/^ío dig/^ína / ^íperpet/^íremus / ^íopera.

¹ Liber Hymnorum, II. xx.

upon which it would have fallen in prose, something like this :—

Of lowly life

Came a daughter,

And He who brought her

Was God.

Noble her son was

And stately,

Enobling greatly

This sod.

For this reason I am certain that neither Zimmer nor Kuno Meyer was right, and I know, indeed, that the last named scholar has changed his opinion since, though he may not have said so in print. I am sure also that Dr. Atkinson is not right when he reads the hymn, for instance, that Cumain the Tall made in Latin, as though there were two trochees in the first half of each line, and two iambs in the last half, as thus :—

Patric/ī pat/rīs / obsec/rēmus / mērita

Ūt De/ō dig/nā / pēpet/rēmus / ōpera

1r ոճից իւոմ շար իւրց ան քիւ իւրց ա չօժա ար ան
 չգեա՞ս քիւլլա 1 *bpatris* ըօմ մաւր աշար 1 *bPatrici*, ար ան
 չգեա՞ս քիւլլա 1 *nDeo* աշար 1 *ndigna*, աշար չօ մբսօ միւս
 իւր ասիւմ ոօ ծեանամ, իսո ռա՛ն ռօեանքաւօ մսնար շար
 իւրց ան չօժա ար ռա քիւլլաւօն իւր. Աշար մեքսիւմ շար
 իւրց Օօժնիւր Աւարիւն ամսնա նսւր քաւիլ քե չօ իւր
 շօնաւ աշար շարիւմ իւրցաւ ան չօժա, շարիւ—քաւ,
 շարիւ—քաւ, ոօ ար ան լաւիւ եւլ, քաւ—շարիւ, քաւ—
 շարիւ, ոօ չնա՛ն իւր քա լիւրիւ ոօ քիւլլօն ռա քաւ-Շաւիւ
 1 լաւիւն ռա 1 ռաւիւլ.

I feel sure that the poet laid the stress of his voice upon the first syllable in *patris* as well as in *Patrici*, and on the first syllable in *Deo* and in *digna*, and that he desired to make *uaim* out of them, a thing that could not be done unless the voice-stress fell upon those syllables. And I think that Dr. Atkinson was led astray when he believed that there was always a regular rise and fall of the voice short-long, short-long, or on the other hand long-short, long-short, in the lines which the old Gaels wrote either in Latin or in Gaelic.

cu10 II.

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PART II.

It is time for us now to turn from the poetry of the “filès” for a while, and give some account of the “filès” themselves. They were a separate caste; and they were very numerous. They thought that they themselves were as good as the kings and great nobles of the country, and they used to act according to their own will. There was no control over them, and we see in the old sagas that there were no bounds to their boldness and their greed. They were so numerous and so wicked and maledictive, so covetous and constantly-quarrelsome, that they were three times banished by the kings of Ireland; but the province of Ulster defended them against the vengeance of the other Irish. At last Aedh son of Ainmire, High King of all Ireland, collected a great gathering, or senate, at Druim Ceat, near the present Limavaddy in Ulster, to banish them altogether out of the kingdom. Colum Cille was in Scotland at that time, and he was grieved when he heard that the poets were in danger of banishment, for he himself was, as we have seen, a great poet. He came over from Scotland and a great band of clerics along with him, and besought the king not to banish the poets. It was Senchán and Dallán Forgaill who were the leaders of the poets at this time. We have an exact knowledge

mbeirte reo ó fíean-réaltaiḃ na nḡaeḃeal, aḡur ar
 cōm cḡorta, uó-fárta, nōmneac, aḡur uo bíodari.¹ Ua é
 an ruo uo cúiri fearḡ ar aeḃ, iao-ran u'iairaiḃ uelḡ
 óiri ari, uo bí aḡ uúnaḃ a fállainḡe. Seóo rinneiri uo
 bí in ran uoalḡ óiri reo, uo táinig anuar ó aḃairi ḡo
 mac mar cōmaḡta míoḡamail. Bí fíor aca ḡo maḡ ar
 rin, aḃt uo bíodari cōm uána uó-cōrḡta rin, ḡuri fāoil-
 eadari naḃ maḡ uo mēirneac aḡ aon neac nō ar bit
 uo uóultac uóóib. Aḃt bí ríao meallta an uairi reo.
 Ní h-é amáin ḡuri uóultaiḡ aeḃ iao, aḃt uo cúiri ré
 mōime iao uo uóibirte ar fao. Aḡur anoir nuairi cúiri
 Colum Cille impiḃe ari, ḡan rin uo uéanam, ir ead
 uobairte ré leiri an naom ḡo mbuḃ mó mōri an t-ualaḃ
 ar ḃalam na h-Éireann iao. “Aḃa,” aueiri ré, “tḡiḃac
 feari mar luḃt-leanamna aḡ an Ollam, tá cúig riri
 uéaḡ aḡ an Anro, aḡur tá a cúro uaoime féin aḡ ḡac
 aon aca ó rin anuar, aḡur tá ríao cōm h-iomadamail
 rin ḡo bḡuil beaḡ-naḃ tḡian uo fāori-clannaiḃ Éireann
 ameafḡ na bḡilead anoir.” U'aontuiḡ an naom leiri
 rin, aḡur uobairte ré ḡo maḃadari mó iomadamail, aḃt
 ar a fion rin, nári cōiri aḡur nári ceari iao uo rḡuor
 amaḃ ná uo uóibirte ar fao. Aḡur, in ran uoirnead, uo
 fōcruḡ ríao ḡo mbeḡ áro-ollam aḡ áro-miḡ Éireann,
 ḡo mbeḡ a ollam féin aḡ ḡac miḡ-cúige, aḡur ḡo mbeḡ
 a fíle féin aḡur a ollam aḡ ḡac móri-uafal aḡur

¹ Féad “Imtead na Tromdáiḡe,” foillrḡte leiri an ḡCumann
 Oirineac, aḡur “ḡḡeal ar a mbeiri ḡo mbao hé fínn mac Cumail
 mongán.” foillrḡte le Kuno Meyer. Iomraḡ bhram I. 2. 45.

of them from the old sagas of the Gael,¹ and of how fractious and spiteful they were. The thing that angered Aedh was their asking of him a gold brooch that fastened his mantle. This gold brooch was an hereditary jewel that descended from father to son as a royal badge. They knew this very well, but they were so bold and irrepressible that they thought that nobody had sufficient courage to refuse them anything. But this time they were deceived. Not only did Aedh refuse them, but he determined to banish them entirely. And now when Colum Cille requested of him not to do this, it was what he said to the Saint—that they were too heavy a burden upon the soil of Ireland. “There are” said he, “thirty men in the following of the ollamh, and the Anro has fifteen men, and every one of them from that down, has his own share of men, and they are so numerous that almost one-third of the free tribes of Ireland are now amongst the poets.” The Saint assented to this, and said that they were, indeed, too numerous, but, that for all that, it were neither right nor proper to blot them out, or to banish them altogether. At the last, they arranged that every High King of Erin should have his Ard-ollamh, and that every provincial king should have his own ollamh, and that each great noble and territorial lord should have his own poet and

¹ See “Proceedings of the Great Bardic Association,” a saga edited by the Ossianic Society, and “A story from which it is inferred that Mongan was Finn Mac Cumhail” edited by Kuno Meyer. “Voyage of Bran” Vol. I, pp. 45.

tigeapna típe. Do rinneadair tlighe, mar an gcéanna,
 go scaitiré gac nís agus gac nís-cúige, agus gac
 tigeapna típe siota talman éadairt raor gan cior ó'a
 ollam, agus nac mbeir ceao ag don fear beo i n-Éirinn
 uocair ná uioḡbáil do déanam ar don ollam, ar a fear-
 rain ná ar a maoin, ná ar a talam, áct go mbeir ceao
 uulta-amao agus teacta-arteac aca ar fuo an oileain.
 Agus in ran am céanna do cuireao roinn talman do
 leat-éaoib cum ollaman eile do coctugao agus cum
 rgoilte publioe do cupi ar bonn, mar a bfuigheao
 muinntir na h-Éireann fógluim raor i reancup, i
 bfilioeact, i noliḡe, agus in gac ealaodain eile do bi
 aca an uair rin. Ba iao Rát Céannais in ran áit ar
 a uugtar Condae na Mioe anoir, agus Marraioe i
 gCondae an Cábáin, óa áit de'n tórt ro.¹ Agus, fuo
 eile, do rocuigheao cia r' b'iao na uairanna do bi le
 fágail ag na fileaoib ar a gcuro dán, agus ni raib
 an ceart aca níor mó 'ná an uair do bi ceauighe
 uoib ó'airraio ar uine ar bit.

Ba beag an t-iongnao sup uubairt an t-Áro-nis go
 mba ualaó trom ar talam na h-Éireann na filio. Ir
 beag nac uéioeann ré tar éireoeam an méao cineál
 agus fo-cineál ó'fileaoib agus de bároib do bi ann.
 Áct níor b'ionnann na báro agus na filio ar don cor.
 Bí na báro níor írle 'ná na filio; ni raib an meaf
 céanna oira, agus ni bfuigoir an ceatramao curo de'n
 uair ar a gcuro dán agus do geirbeao na filio. Ba é

¹ "Forur feara ar Éirinn," fá ríogaó deo mic ainmireao.

ollamh. They made a law likewise that each king and territorial lord, should give a piece of land, free, without rent, to his ollamh, and that no man living in Ireland should have permission to do any ollamh hurt or damage, either in his person, his goods, or his land, but that they should come in and go out freely, throughout the island. And at the same time a portion of land was set aside to support other ollamhs, and to establish public schools where the people of Ireland could get free learning in history and poetry and law, and in every other science that people had at that time. Rath Ceannaigh or Rath Kenry, in the place which is now called the County Meath, and Masree in the County Cavan, were two places of this kind.¹ And, moreover, the reward which the poets were to get for their poems was settled at this time, and they were deprived of the right of asking any man for a greater reward than the one permitted them.

It was little wonder that the High King stated that the poets were a heavy burden upon the soil of Ireland. It almost passes belief the number of species and subspecies of poets and of bards that then existed. But the bards and the "filés" or poets were not by any means the same. The bards were lower than the poets, they had not the same respect [paid them], and they used not get the fourth part of the reward for their poems that the poets used to get. The ollamh was the

¹ See Keating's History under the reign of Aedh Mac Ainmireach.

an t-ollam an fearn do b'áirne amearg na b'fíleat, agus
 tar éir an ollam éainis an t-Anrao, agus ann rin, i
 noiaig a céile, do méir a n-onóra féin, an Clí, an Cana,
 an Doir, an Macfuirmeat, agus an Focloc. Do lean
 ríao d'á gcuid róglaicte ar fearo dá bliathain oéas, no
 b'féirir níor mó. Fa oirneat, nuair éainis fíle amac
 mar ollam, tar éir ríuróaraicte dá bliathain oéas.
 do bí eolar aige ar trí céao go leit ve éineálaid
 béarragíeacata, agus o'féao fé dá céao go leit ve na
 pprim-rigéalcab b'inniric, agus céao rigéal ve'n oara
 rang. Tá fuigleac na fearn leabair agáinn fóir ar a
 b'fuar an fíle a cuio eolair ar gac rígar béarragíe-
 eacata,¹ agus ní h-é amáin go ucugann na leabair ro na
 h-ainmneaca úinn, acé ucugann ríao, mar an gcéaoa,
 ioir dá céao agus trí céao rompla ve na tomaraib
 úinn ar fearn-oántaib a b'fíle gac uile ceann aca,
 beag-naé, caillte anoir.

Ní raib, i gcomórtar leir an b'fíle, acé abránuir
 boét in ran m'áir, acé ní raib fé gan a cuio onóra
 féin. Bí dá éineál báir ann, na raor-báir agus na
 raor-báir. Bí oét gcoirceime no gíada in gac
 éineál oíob ro. Ag ro ainmneaca na raor-báir : éainis
 ar ucúr an Ríe-báir, agus éainis 'na oiaig rin, do
 méir a mearamlacata féin, an t-Anrruc-bairne, an
 Spruc-oí-aill, an Tigearnbáir, an t-Adóball, an Tuat-
 báir, an Dobáir, agus an Báir-áine, acé ní raib an

¹ Tá cuio oíob ro i leabair bhaile-an-thúta, i meampam (H. 2. 12)
 gcoláirte na Tríonóir, i Laud. 610, i n-Oxford, agus beagán eile 'ran
 leabair laigheac. féac Mittelirische Verslehren, i n-Irische Texte, III. ii.

highest amongst the poets, and after the ollamh came the Anró or Anradh, and then after one another according to their rank came the Clí, the Cana, the Doss, the Mac Fuirmeadh and the Focloc. They pursued their learning for twelve years or perhaps more. At last, when, after twelve years study, a poet graduated as an ollamh, he knew 350 kinds of versification, and he was able to repeat 250 prime stories and a hundred stories of the second rank. We have the remains of the old books, yet, from which the poet drew his knowledge of all kinds of versification,¹ and it is not alone that those books give us their names, but they also give us between two and three hundred examples of the metres, out of old poems, almost every one of which is lost now.

In comparison with the "filé" or poet, the *bard* was only a poor songster, though he was not without his own share of honour. There were two sorts of bards, the free and the unfree. There were in each of the two kinds eight steps or grades. The following are the names of the free bards:—First came the King-bard, and after him, according to their worthiness, came the Ansruth-bairdne (great stream of song?) the Sruth-di-aill (stream from two cliffs?) the Lord-bard, the Adh-bhall, the Lay-bard, the Cow-bard and the Bárd-áine, though this was not a lawful bard, but only one whose

¹ "Book of Ballymote," H. 2. 12, a parchment MS. in T.C.D., Laud 610 Oxford and scraps in "The Book of Leinster." See Mittelirische Verslehren in "Irische Texte," III, I.

báirí-áine reo 'n-a báirí oileteanaí, áit amáin 'n-a
 fear a raib a áitir no a fear-áitir 'n-a báirí ríomh.
 As ro anoir ainnmeaí na n'Óaoir-báirí, ro réir a
 ngráda réir :—An Cúl-báirí, an Spuic-báirí, an 'Oiríuc,
 an Cíomhaí, an Sírtí Uí, an Ríndáirí, an Long-báirí,
 agus an Báirí-Loirí.

Áit má'í iongantaí an méar cineál báirí ro bí aca,
 ír iongantaíge go móir méar na tómar, na miorí,
 no na bfoirm béarraiígeaí ro cleaí ro. Agus
 an ríuc ír iongantaíge oíob ro uile, ír é go raib a
 tómar no a fíorm béarraiígeaí as gac aon báirí aca,
 oí réir, agus ní leiríde ro báirí ríomh an fíorm
 béarraiígeaí ro bí as an mbáirí ro b'áiríe 'ná é
 réir ro cleaí ro. 'O cleaí ro, mar ríomh, an Ríog-
 báirí an Naí-bairíne, ír íao ríu na fíorm tóan ar a
 tógáir Naí mar ainn. Ír fíorm ríomhaí íao ríu i
 n-a n'óanann ríomhaí gac líne Naíne no Naí (i.,
 com-fuaim no com-líomhaí) le tógáir na líne leanaí,
 agus i n-a bfuil uimí na ríomh in gac líne, agus uimí
 na líne in gac báirí éagraíail agus mí-íagraíail.
 Tá ré cineálí de'n tómar ar a tógáir "Deaí ro"
 amearí na "Naí" ro, agus ro cleaí ro an Ríog-báirí
 íao ro uile. Níor cleaí aon ríomh eile áit é réir
 íao! Agus ro cúir ré leo oí tómar onóirí eile—
 Séaí na Móir agus Séaí na Deaí. 'O cleaí ro an
 "Cíomhaí-bairíne" oí cineálí de na tómarí ríu ar
 a tógáir Oí-bairíne. 'O bí Cíomhaí as an Spuic-
 oí-ailí. 'O cleaí ro an Tíomhaí-báirí 'Oanbairíne. Tá

father or grand-father had been a bard before him. Here follow the names of the Daor- or Unfree-bards, according to their own grades:—The Back-bard, the Stream-bard, the Drisiuc, the Cromluathe, the Sírti Ui, the Rindhaidh, the Long-bhárd [ship bard?] and the Bárd-loirge.

But if the number of species of bards which the Irish had is wonderful, more wonderful far is the number of metres, or measures, or verse-forms which they used to practise. But the most wonderful thing of all these is, that each particular bard of them had his own metre or verse-form for himself, and a bard of low standing would not be allowed to practise the form of versification which was owned by a bard of higher standing than he. The King-bard for example, used to use the Nath-bhairdne, *i.e.*, the kind of poems called Nath. These are the forms of poetry in which the end of every line makes Uaim or Uaithne (that is alliteration or assonance) with the beginning of the following line, poems in which the number of the syllables in each line, and the number of lines in each verse are different and irregular. Amongst these Nath metres there are six kinds of the genus called Deachnadh, and the King-bard used to practise them all. Nobody else used them except himself! And he added to them two other honourable metres, Great and Little Séadhna. The Ansruth-bairdne used to use two kinds of the metres called Ollbhairdne (great poesy). The Sruth-di-aill had Casbhairdne. The

ré cineáil Duanbairíone ann, agus ír ríao ro a n-ainm-
neaca: Duan Faoerín, Duan Ceneálaic, For-úan, Tae-
crao, Tul-crao, agus Speibairíone. Tomair mear-
aíila, móri-onóraca do bí in rna tomairíb reo do clea-
an ceatpari báro ar ar labriar éuar, agus éuaóuar uile
fá'n ainm “Pmífoola.” Tar éir rin táinig an t-Aóball
agus reat otomair aige óó féin, mar do bí:—bairíone
faoerín, bloibairíone, breacbairíone, sneibairíone,
Seambairíone, Imairíone, agus Raenual. Táinig an
Tuat-báro ann rin, agus bí na Rannuigeacta uile aige
óó féin, agus óá tomair eile leo, “reóda” agus “meo-
cáir.” Táinig an Dóbáro ar veiread, agus na Deibíóe
uile aige-rean, agus óá tomair eile, Deacubaró fava
agus Soirio. Ír in-bheactnuigíte go maib áit com h-írioll
rin as an nDeibíóe agus as an Rannuigeact amearg na
rean-báro, óir bí na tomair reo fá mear móri in rna
h-aimiríib tar éir rin, agus ír comairta é ar com fava
agus tá ré ó rgníobad na rean-leabha ar a bfuilim as
tarriaing na neite reo. Nuairí poinnead na tomair
amearg na mbáro do fágaó, mar cíomíó, an Deibíóe as
an mbáro ír írle ve na raor-bároib uile, amail agus
nac maib aet mear fíor-beas air. Aet com fava riar
leir an donnaó doir véas faigim Ceallaic Ó Ruanaó,
áro-ollam Éireann, do fuair báir ’ran mbliadain 1079,
as rgníobad marí ro¹:—

¹ an leabhar laigheac, l. 38 a. réac Codex Palatino Vaticanus, leir
an Ollam b. mac Cárpéaig, leatanaic 140. Cuirim an nuad-éiríe ar
na rean-foclaib, “éigre,” i n-áit “eigrú;” “gur ab,” i n-áit

lord-bard practised Duan-bhairdne. There are six kinds of Duan-bhairdne and here are their names:—Duan Fadesin, Duan Ceneálach, For-dhuan, Taebh-chasadh [side-twisting] Tul-chasadh, [head-twisting ?] and Sreth-bhairdne. Respectable and honourable metres were all those which the four bards, whom I have just named, employed, and they went under the title of “Primh-fódlá.” After them came the Adhmall, with seven metres for himself, namely:—Bairdne Fadesin, Blogh bhairdne [fragment-poetry ?] Breac-bhairdne [speckled poem], Suedh-bhardne, Seam-bhairdne, Imard-bhairdne, and Rathnuall. The Tuthbhárd came then and he had all the Rannuigheachts and two other honourable metres with them, Seghdha and Treochair. The Cow-bard came last, and he had all the Deibhidhes, and two other metres, Long and Short Deachubhaidh. It is remarkable that the Deibhidhe and the Rannuigheacht had so low a place amongst the old bards, for these two metres were in great regard in succeeding ages, and it is a proof of how far back it is since the old books from which I am drawing these facts were written. When the metres were divided amongst the bards, Deibhidhe was left, as we see, to the very lowest of all the free bards, as though it were in exceedingly small regard. But as far back as the eleventh century I find Ceallach O Ruanadha, the arch-ollamh of Ireland, writing thus of it:—

“conno,” 7c. “ἀρτε κορινν” = a bfuil “corinn” uirri. “‘Eigre at-láth inolim,” = bárouigeaet péro cumaim.

“1ṛ aṛte mačmāṛi co ṛinn,
 1ṛ éṡṡe ač-laṁ inoṡim.
 Baṡaim ṡur ab baṛone binn
 Deibṛe áluinn im-ṛinn.
 Deibṛe ṡṡaoilte na ṡṡéal,
 Nṛ h-ṡe 1 nač aṡṡén,
 1ṛ í reo an aṛte bláit bṡar
 ’Na ṡṡácuṡṡṡeap an Seančap.”

Aṡur tap éṛ ṡin vo máṛi an Deibṛe aṡur na Rannuiṡ-
 eačta amearṡ na ṡṡaeṛeal, fá’n meap aṡur fá’n onóṛi
 1ṛ mó, čom ṡava aṡur vo bí aon ṡile o’ap cóṡbaó 1 ṡṡoil-
 tiṡ na mbáṛo beo 1 n-Éṡṡinn ná 1 n-Albainn, 1ṛ é ṡin ṡo
 veṡeaó na ṡeačṡmáó aṛṡe oéaṡ.¹ O’ṡeapṡainn ainm-
 neača na voṡmāṡ vo čleačt na h-očt Oaṛi-báṛo vo
 čabaiṡe ann ṡo, maṡ vo čuṡ mé ainmneača toṡmāṡ na
 Saṛi-báṛo, ačt nṛ beṡ aon máṡe ann. 1ṛ ṡoṡur a ṡeṡṡṡṡe
 ó’n méao tá máṛoṡe aṡam, čom móṛi aṡur vo bí uiṡṡṡ
 na bṡileao, na mbáṛo, aṡur na bṡoṡṡm beapṡaiṡeačta
 vo bí aṡ na ṡean-ṡaeṛealaiṡ, aṡur čom mion, aṡeač,
 aṡur vo ṡoinnaṡap 1ao, báṛo ó báṛo, aṡur toṡmāṡ ó
 toṡmāṡ, ṡul čáṡṡṡ na ločlannaṡṡ ṡo h-Éṡṡinn.

Nṛ’l aon amṡap oṡm nač 1ao na ločlannaṡṡ vo mṡll
 aṡur vo ṡṡṡṡṡ ṡṡṛeaočt na h-Éṡṡeann, aṡur vo leon

¹ 1ṛ maṡ ṡo vo ṡṡṡṡṡ an č-ačaiṡ O maṡṡṡṡṡṡṡ, ’ṡan ṡeačṡmáó čeao
 oéaṡ:—Genera Metrorum præcipue (ut omittam minus principalia vulgo
 corṡ-aṡṡe seu ṡo-aṡṡe, quæ varia sunt) et, principaliora ac nunc majis
 in usu apud Hibernos sunt quinque vocanturque Deibṛe, Seaoṡe, Rannuiṡ-
 eačt bṡeaṡ, Rannuiṡeačt mṡóṛi aṡur Capbāṡṡ.

"It is a felicitous species with termination,
 It is a pliant poem, which I compose,
 I engage that it is bardism, melodious,
 Beauteous terminational Deibhidhe.
 Irregular Deibhidhe of the sagas,
 No fear of my not recognizing it!¹
 This is the species, blooming, vigorous,
 In which is practised history."

And after that, the Deibhidhe and the Rannuigheacht metres remained in the greatest regard and honour amongst the Gaels as long as there was a single poet alive in either Ireland or Scotland, who was reared in the bardic schools, that is, until the end of the seventeenth century.² I could give here the names of the metres that the eight Daor-bards used also, just as I have given the names of the metres of the Saor-bards, but there would be no use in doing so. The great number of poets, of bards, and of forms of versification which the old Gaels had, can be plainly seen from all I have said, and also how minutely and carefully they divided them, bard from bard, and metre from metre, before the Northmen came to Ireland.

I have no doubt but it was the Northmen who blotted out and ruined the poetry of Ireland, and who dislocated

¹ *Literally*: "It is not it which I shall not recognize."

² Father O'Mulloy writing in the seventeenth century says that the metres then most in use amongst the Irish were Deibhidhe, Séadhna, Great and Little Rannuigheacht, and Casbhairn.

na cúirparóe filidheácta do bí aca i rgoilteib na n-ollam. Do éangadar na loclannaiḡ ar oúr, timcioll na bliathna 795, agus níor b'fada go raib ealaúna, ceapna, agus maḡaltar na h-Éireann bun-or-cionn aca. Níor féad, aoiri Seatrún Céitins, file ná fear-ceoil leanamaint o'á gceirto i n-Éirinn. "Oá mbeir," aoiri 'Coḡad ḡaeóeal le ḡallaiḃ,' "céad ceann cruaid iapainn ar aon b'ráḡar, agus céad teangḡ ḡlórac ḡlan in ḡac ceann, agus céad ḡut aḡ ḡac teangaró oíob rin, ní féadofaíoir a f'airnéir ná a áiream ná a innirint an méad o'fulaing na ḡaeóeil go coitc'ionn, ioiri fearraib agus mnaib, ioiri tuatac agus cléireac, ioiri sean agus óḡ, ioiri raor agus daor, aḡ na loclannaiḡib allmurda rin."¹ Do b'iread ruar na rgoilte, agus do maibad na filid, agus do bí uairle agus áro-tiḡearnaíóe na h-Éireann ar fearó oá céad bliathan com ḡnóac rin o'á gcoraint féin ar an námaro coitc'ionn, aḡ uol 'n-a aḡaró i ḡac, i ḡcóirac, agus i ḡcoḡad, agus aḡ teitead uaid aríir nuair ḡeibead reirean an lám-uactair, nac raib aon am aca le tabairt do ealaúnaib míne, millie an traoḡail, do ceol ná o'filidheact. Ir oíḡ ḡur b'é rin do cuir veiread leir an dealuḡad móir do bí ioiri na fileaduib agus na báirduib, agus leir an mion-ionn do m'nead aḡ na fileaduib 'n-a mearḡ féin, agus aḡ na báirduib 'n-a mearḡ féin.

Mearaim go raib ḡac nio o'ár éarriainḡ mé éuar ar na sean-leabraiḃ, i staíob na b'filead agus na mbáird,

¹ "Coḡad ḡaeóeal re ḡallaiḃ," editio Todd, leatanaḡ 50.

the course of poetry in the schools of the ollamhs. The Norsemen came first about the year 795, and it was not long until the science, trades and government of Ireland were turned upside down by them. Neither poet nor musician, says Dr. Keating, could follow his profession in Erin. "If," says the book of 'The Wars of the Galls with the Gaels,' "there were a hundred hard heads of iron upon one neck, and a hundred loud clear tongues in each head, and though every tongue of them had a hundred voices, they could never manifest nor enumerate nor recount all that the Gaels in general endured, both men and women, both lay and cleric, both old and young, both bond and free, at the hands of those foreign Norsemen." The schools were broken up, the poets were slain, and the nobles and great lords of Ireland, for the space of two hundred years, were so busy in defending themselves from their common enemy, or going against him in battle, war and conflict, and again fleeing from him when he got the upper hand, that they had no time to give to the gentler and sweeter sciences of life, to music and to poetry. Undoubtedly it was this which put an end to the great distinction that existed among the *filés* or poets, and the bards, and also to the minute divisions that were made by the poets amongst themselves.

I think that every thing that I have drawn above, from the old books, about the poets and the bards, is

fíor, 'ó á staoib, go h-aimpí na loclanna, áct na
 raið ré fíor ó á céao bliáðan 'n-a óiaig rin. Ní brá-
 maio tar éir rin don áaint ná don tráct eile ar an
 vealuðao mói vo bí iorí an bñile agur an mbáio. Ír
 coríuíl nað raið iorí ná vealuðao eatoríia tar éir
 aimpíe na loclanna.¹ Ní brámaio na foirmé air-
 teaáa fílióeaáta rin, ar ar tráctar éuar, 'ó á gcleaátaó
 go coitáionn tar éir na h-aimpíe rin, áct rámaio
 ar an láim eile an óán ír fáioe agur ír mearaíla, vo
 iunneaó iorí an am rin agur an bliáóain 1000, cumáin
 ríia mioríiaib rin vo bí fá óioó-mear agur fá neam-íuim
 amearg na rean-áaeóeal. Tá mé ag labairt ar áaltair
 na Rann ainn ío, vo iunneaó am éigin in ían veaámaó
 céao-bliáðan, agur í n-a bñuíl céao agur ó á óán ar trí
 ícío, agur iorí oét agur naoi míle ve líntib, agur íao uile
 ígrióhéta in ían ó á toíar vo bí ag na báioaib vo b'íle,
 trí céao bliáðan íoime rin, Deibíoe agur Rannuígeaá
 ííóí! Ír cíoéuáó é íeo marí vo cuíneaó áac uile nío
 í n-éiuinn 'ían am rin bun-or-cionn, agur an íilíoeaá
 éar don íuo eile. Óir in ríia rean-aimpíuib nuair
 geibíoe bó ar íon óáin 'ían toíar "íetnao" agur bó
 bainne ar íon "láio" agur eac vo b'íu ó á bó ar íon
 "eain," agur ceitíe ba ar íon "anair," agur cúig ba
 ar íon "naá Míoí," ní raið áct bioíac agur bioíac óg

¹ níor veapmaoáó an vealuðao ar íao nuair cuíneaó "leábar na
 gceapí" le áeile, óir rámaio an íann ío ag leaáanaó 182:—

hé íin íeanaí íg teaííac, / ní íioir cac báio bélgac,
 ní oír báio, áct oír íleáó / íioí áac íg ír á ólígeaó.

true of them down to the time of the Norsemen, and ceases to be true of them two hundred years later. We find after that time, no further talk or mention of the great difference that existed between the “*filè*” and *bard*. It is probable that no real difference or distinction existed between them after the times of the Norsemen.¹ We do not find after their period, those curious forms of poetry of which I spoke above, in common use, but we find on the other hand the longest and most considerable poem which was composed between that time and the year 1000, written in the metres that were disrespected and of no regard amongst the old Gaels. I am speaking of the *Saltair-na-Rann* which was composed some time in the tenth century, and in which there are a hundred and sixty two poems, and between eight and nine thousand lines, and all written in the two metres which only the lower bards practised three hundred years before, i.e., *Deibhidhe* and *Great Rann-uigheacht*. This is a proof of how every thing was turned topsy-turvy in Ireland at this time, and poetry beyond other things. For in old times when a cow could be had for a poem in *setnad*, and a milch cow for *laid*, and a horse worth two cows for *emain*, and four cows for *anair*, and five cows for *Great Nath*,

¹ The distinction was not yet forgotten at the time “The Book of Rights was put together, for we find this verse at page 182 :—

This is the history of the King of Tara,
 It is not known to every loud-mouthed *bard*,
 It is not the right of a bard but the right of a “*filè*,”
 To have a knowledge of each king and of his law.

le fáigil ag an mbáir ar son Rannuigeáda agus
Deirdre.

Ní cúirim míomam uil tré na fileaduibh Saedalaí
in san rghíbhinn reo, ná a n-ainmneáda féin, agus
ainmneáda na n-án do ceapadair do cúir ríor, ná méad
na linte o'fáigadair 'n-a n-áirí do cóimairéam, ná
reabair no olcár gac file aca do meadacán. Ait buó
mian liom ann ro go dtuáir an léigíteoir aige do'n
ponc ro, .i. naé iad na h-áirí-ollamain buó mío clú
o'fás na dánta ir rphéireamla 'n-a n-áirí. Buó mío
clú donáir Céile Dé, flainn míc lonáin, Cormacáin
Éigear, Cinaet uí h-Ártagáin, Eócaró uí flóinn, míc
liag, míc Siolla Cáomh, Eapairó míc Coire, Cuain
uí Locáin, flainn "na Mainirreac," Colmáin uí Seap-
náin, Siolla Cáomhgin, Tánairó uí Maolconaire, Siolla
Mouura uí Cairíog, Siolla-na-naomh uí Duin, agus
móráin eile do bí beo, agus do rghíob, pul táinig na
Normannáig go h-Éirinn, i leit deiríó an dara céad-
bliaóan déag. Ait do cúir na rghíobnóirí reo, go
ró mionc, culairó filídeáda agus culairó béairuigeáda
clirte ar neitib do bí ionnta féin mí-blaíra go leóir,
mar atá ar rair, ar ginealaícaib, ar ainmneácaib
áiteann, agus ar neitib eile ba mian leo a gcur i
gcuimne. Cum na neite reo do cúir i meabair o'a gcuir
mac léigin, do cúireadair "rgháite filídeáda" tríoíra,
ait ní cuilleann cuir mío de na dántaib o'fáigadair
'n-a n-áirí an t-ainm "filídeáda" ar don cóir. Do bí

a bard could get only a heifer and a young heifer for Rannuigheacht and for Deibhidhe respectively.

I do not intend in this treatise to go through the Irish poets, nor to give their own names and the names of the poems that they composed, nor to compute the number of lines that they have left behind them, nor to weigh the excellence or the defects of each particular poet. But I should like the reader to observe here this point: that it was not the árd-ollamhs of greatest fame who left behind them the most satisfying poetry. Great was the fame of Angus the Culdee, of Flann son of Lonán, of Conmacán the learned, of Kenneth O'Hartigan, of Eochaidh O'Flynn, of Mac Liag, of Mac Gilla Keefe, of Erard Mac Coisè, of Cuan O'Lochan, of Flann of the Monastery, of Colmán O'Seasnáin, of Gilla Keevin, of Tanaidhe O'Mulconry, of Gilla Moduda O'Cassidy, of Gilla-na-naomh O'Dunn, and of many others who lived and wrote before the Normans came to Erin in the last half of the twelfth century. But these writers have only too often put a garb of poetry, a garb of clever versification, over things that were in themselves dry and tasteless enough, such as history, genealogy, names of places and things that they wished to hand down to memory. In order to make their pupils remember these things they "put a thread of poetry" through them, and a great many of the poems that they left behind them do not deserve the name of poetry at all. There was often a true and

far better poetry composed by nameless poets like "The Lament of the old Woman of Beare" or "The Dialogue between Guairè and his Brother Marbhán," or the exceedingly melodious poems that are scattered up and down throughout the old romances, and in the Dialogue of the Ancients, and some of the poems that were ascribed to Ossian and Fergus of the white mouth, and the poems which are to be found in the ancient MSS. These poems were all composed according to the rigid rules which the bardic schools framed, but some of them are far simpler than others. We could not enumerate the twentieth part of the melodious metres that the Gaels had in the old times, but we shall put down here a few examples, so that the reader may be able to compare them with the versification of other races in Europe before the twelfth century. Here is a rann from the old "Book-of-Poets," preserved in "The Book of Ballymote." I have given the modern orthography, writing meann and ceann for meno and cenno :—

BANDS are *Blind*,

HANDS are *Hid*,

Kin is Kind,

CHiding CHid.¹

¹ This is to show the metrical effect of the Irish, but it is not a translation of it. The translation is "a person blind, a kid's thicket (?) a crooked satrist, a Gall without a head."

² Tá na rannlaithí seo ar Irische Texte III. I. Mittelirische Verslehren le Thurneysen, Lection 84, 1. "Duine dall / oipeada mionnán ? / fear-aor cam / Gall gan ceann."

No aifir:—

Cirroi h-é
 Daire cnó,
Ógán é
rógán nó.¹

No aifir:—

An t-éan beag
 Do leis fearo
 De rinn suib glan-buiré,
 Fo-áirio fáir
 Or loc láig,
 Lon ve áiríob cairn-buiré.²

No aifir:—

Mircair ná ngardaig
 Sebar teac Teairra,
 Spairglear na rlaadaig
 Seis folc-fionn fearna.³

No aifir:—

briúio buada
 buair na finne
 Siúr miú nime

¹ Id., leatanaí 100, .i. “ir Ciríob é / i nooirne cnó / ir ógánac é / taibair póigín nó.”

² Id., leatanaí 99, no vo réir mar tá ré liupighe in ran crean-
 rghíobinn:—

“inten beag polegheir noiríno suib glanbuirí
 foáirio fáir orloch laig lon voairíob cairnbuiré.”

³ Id., leatanaí 74, .i. “ríob na ngairíob / vo seir teac Teairra /
 rghíupraigheann ré na rlaobuiré / reabac fhearna an fuilc finn.”

Or again :—

Cridi's *hot*
 Seeking you,
 MISS HIM *not*
 KISS HIM, do!¹

Or again :—

Little bird's
 Whistle's heard
 From his bill yellow-bright,
 Clearly now
 From the bough
 To his mate-fellow bright.²

Or again :—

Rievers and plunderers
 Seizing on Tara,
 Murder the murderers
 Falcon of Farna.³

Or again :—

Noble Brigit,
 Loved of people,
 Heaven's sister,

¹ Literally : " He is Cride / oak wood of nuts / a youthlet he / to him a kisslet."

² Literally : The little bird / who let a whistle / off the point of its bill bright-yellow / . . . a prophet / above Loch Laigh / a blackbird off the branch yellow-heaped."

³ " Fierceness of robbers / takes the house of Tara / Whips he the plunderers / the fair-haired hawk of Farna."

Nár im-bune
 Eirinn luige,
leathan breo,
 Ro riacht naem-neam
 Muime Gaebeal
 Riari na n-aoibeaó
 Aebeal eagna
 Ingean Oubtaig
 Duine uallac,
 Buiro buadac,
beata beo.¹

Ατά, μαρι έτόμίο, ceitpe riollaro in zac line oioib
 ro, asur oúntar zac line le focal óá riolla, act amáin
 na linte gearra gnódear comároa le céile, “leathan
 breo,” asur “beata beo.” As ro rompla eile, ar an
 ocomar a otuzao “Seorao gairio” air:—

Ingean laoió ar luacra i laigrib
 nac lean loct,
 Com-folar ioir a failgib
 Ir a folc.²

¹ Irische Texte, III. I., Mittelirische Verslehren, le Thurneysen, l. 71,
 .i. “Buiro buadac / buaro na rinne / oirbriu riú neithe / óár gcor-
 aint / ar anbfainne, laige. / ir laraí leathan í. / Óo fíoir í neamh
 naom / banaltrom na nGaebeal / bean-riarta na n-aoibeaó / rrréibéas
 eagna / ingean Oubtaig / duine uallac / buiro buadac, / ir beata
 beo í.”

² Id., leathanac 88.

Helping ever,
 Us from weakness
 HIDING STRIFE,
 Reaching Heaven,
 Nurse of Gaedheals,
 She the hostess,
 Light of wisdom,
 Duffach's daughter,
 O'er us shining,
 Happy glorious,
 BIDING LIFE.¹

There are, as we see, four syllables in each of these lines and each line is closed with a dissyllable except the short lines that make *comharda* with one another, "hiding strife" and "biding life." Here is an example of a metre which was called Short Sedrad:—

Light of Laughter, Love of Leinster,
 Leave their Lair,
 Equal-bright thy rings and ringlets,
 Gold and hair.²

¹ Literally; "Brigit victorious / Victory of the tribe / Sister of heaven's King / for our protecting / feebleness of weakness (?) / Broad Blaze / Reached saints heaven / the nurse of the Gaels / the distributor to guests / spark of wisdom / daughter of Duffach / proud man / Victorious Brigit / Living life."

² Literally: "Daughter of hero from Luachra in Leinster / who follows not fault (or whom no fault follows) / equal light between her rings (?) / and her hair."

Ag ro mann no vó ar an vTáin-bó-Ćuailgne vo labair
feartuio ar noul amac vó, vo comrac le n-a capiro
Cúculain ag an ác:—

ní raḡ-ra gan ráta
Do cluice na h-áta,
Mairrúo go lá¹ mbráta
Go mbrut a'ḡ go mbrú,
Noco ḡeb, ḡé erci,
ḡe ra beḡ vom rérci
ḡan ḡréin aḡur érci
Le muir aḡur tír.²

Ag ro arír mann ionḡantaḡ ar an Roimhíao v'Amra
Colum Cille, le cur i ḡcéill vúinn cao é an puo a
otug na rean ḡaeóil “aoiabul” no vúbliḡao ar:—

áḡur, áḡur, iar céin, céin,
Beit i bpéin, bpéin, gan rít, rít,
Amail cáḡ, cáḡ, go bhrát, bhrát,
In ḡac trát, trát, ció rḡit, rḡit.³

v'féarḡainn na céanta rompla eile tadbairt ar na
comracib vo cleaḡt na ḡaeóil rúl táinḡ na Norman-
nais, áḡt vo v'éanḡainn an rḡrúibinn reo ró fáoa vá

¹ “meḡaro colla,” ḡan rean-leabar.

² Eoḡan O Comrac, “nóir aḡur beura na sean-ḡhaeóeal,” imleabar
III, leatanaḡ 416, .i. “ní raḡaro gan bannarḡe / go cluice [cat] na
háta / mairrúo go lá an bhráta / le neart aḡur le bhrú / ní ḡlacram,
vó n-éaḡḡainn / ḡiḡ go mbeiteá vom' ḡríorḡao / gan [miona uait ar
an] nḡréin aḡur ar an nḡealaisḡ / aḡur ar thuir aḡur ar tír.”

Here is a verse or two from the *Táin Bo Chuailgne* or *Cattle Spoiling of Cooley*, which *Ferdiad* spoke on his going forth to battle with his friend *Cúchulain* at the ford :—

I shall not go without securities
To the contest of the ford,
It will live [in fame] till the judgment day,
In vigour and in force.
I shall not accept, though I die,
Though thou incitest me,
Without [receiving an oath by] the sun and the moon, >
Together with the sea and the land.

Here is a wonderful verse out of the preface to the *Amra of Columcille*, explaining to us what the old Gaels meant by the term *adiabul* or “doubling.”

I fear, fear, after long, long,
Pains strong, strong, without peace, peace,
Like each, each, until doom, doom,
And the gloom, gloom, shall not cease, cease.

I could give hundreds of examples of metres which the old Gaels practised before the Normans came, but I should make this essay too long if I were to give any

* *Amra Colum Cille*, editio O. Bryon Crowe, 1871, leatánac 16, .i.,
“*‘Tá faictíor, faictíor orm, tar éir ama faoa, faoa / beir i bpéin, i
bpéin, gan ríottáin, gan ríottáin, / aithil cáit, cáit go bpát, bpát / in
gac trát, trát, cib cuirfead, cuirfead.*”

ντυζφαινν νίορ μό όίοβ ανν ρο, αζυρ βειό. μέ ράρτα
λειρ αν μέσθ το έυζαρ.

Νί'λ αον λιτρύδεαέτ ειλε αρ έαλαμ να Cρiορτυιζεαέτα
λε κυρ ι ζcomόρταρ leo αρ βινnear αζυρ αρ όεαζ-φuαιμ,
αζυρ ιρ νόιζ ζυρ ceapaó αν έυιο ιρ μό αca ρυλ το bí
eolar αρ βιέ αζ αν ζcυιο ειλε ό'εοραιρ αρ έom-φuαιμ,
no comάrho, no "ρίm."

Αέτ ταρ έιρ τεαέτα να Νορmannαέ το ρινnear όιοζ-
báil mór leo, αρ ζαέ ealaóain το bí ι n-έιρinn. Νυαιρ
φυαιρ να h-έιρeannaiζ αν λάm láιoιρ αρ να loólan-
naiζib, το έοραιζ να ρaοι-έάρoα αζυρ ealaóoα míne
αν τpaοζail το έeαέτ apίρ ζο mórí έum cinn, αζυρ ό'φάρ
apίρ ρά bláé, μαρ το bíoοαρ in ραν ρeaέtmáó αζυρ
'ραν oótmáó céao. Το cρuinniζεαó apίρ να ρean-
leabha (αν μέσθ αca naé ρaiβ νόιζτε no báíoτε αζ να
ζallaiβ), το cuiρeαó να mainiρτpeaéa αζυρ να ρζoiλte
αρ bun apίρ, αζυρ το μέσθαιζεαó ρilió, báip, luét-
múinte αζυρ luét-φóζlaméa, ρζpíobhóipíoe, ollamain,
ceárhoaióte, αζυρ muinntip ζαέ ealaóoα ζο mórí apίρ ι
n-έιρinn. Αέτ αρ oteaéτ να Νορmannαέ έαρ ρáιle
έáιniζ amáil aióio αρ να neiéib ρeo ζο léip, αζυρ αρ
ρζoiλtiβ na mbárho έom maít αζυρ αρ ζαέ αon ρυo ειλε
(αέτ níορ luζa, b'féioip opia-ρan 'ná αρ neiéib ειλε),
αζυρ ni φάζmaoio ό'n am ρin a-leié ζο ντυζαοαρ αν
aiρe céaoα ό'á ocomρaiβ αζυρ ό'á ζcυιο béapρaiζεaέta
αζυρ το βειpíoίρ ρoiμe ρin. Ιρ iao να toμaiρ ιρ μό το
έleaέtaó ρiao ό'n am ρin ζο oé αν bliáóain 1600, αν

more of them here, and I shall be satisfied with what I have given of them already.

There is no other literature in Christendom to be compared with this for melody and euphony, and it is pretty certain that the most of these poems were composed before the rest of Europe had attained to a knowledge of assonance, *comharda*, or rhyme.

But after the coming of the Normans great destruction was wrought upon every science in Ireland. When the Irish had got the upperhand of the Danes, the free trades and gentle sciences of life began to come greatly to a head once more, and to grow and blossom as they had done in the seventh and eighth centuries. The old books were collected again—all of them that had not been burned or drowned by the Danes—the monasteries and the schools were founded again, and poets, bards, learners, teachers, writers, ollamhs, artificers, and the people of every science were greatly multiplied again in Ireland. But now on the coming of the Normans from over sea, there came, as it were, a blight over all these things, and over the schools of the bards as well as over everything else (though less upon them perhaps than upon others), and we do not find from that time forward that the poets gave the same care to their metres and versification that they used to give before. The metres which they used to practise most, from that

Deibíde, an Rannuisgeacht, an Rannuisgeacht Deas, an Séadna (mór agus beas), an Deacht, agus beasán eile de comhairle coitianta.

Ní meafaim go dtáinig don ádhúad mór ar ríocht na mbáir ná ar a gcuid toir, ná ar a gcuid ríochtaí ar feadh ceithre céad bliain ar éirí teachta na Normannaí, nó na Sean-Gall, abramaoir ó'n mbliain 1200 go dtí an bliain 1600.

Do roinn na ríochtaí coinníde na h-aibítir fá ré roinntib, agus do b'ia na coinníde bun agus báir na bearrasgeachta. As ro mar roinntear iad :—

p, c, t.	... coinníde bogh.*
b, g, v.	... coinníde cruaidhe.
é, p, f, é, í.	... coinníde garbha.
ll, nn, rr, m, ng.	... coinníde láirne.
b, g, ó, m, l, n, r.	... coinníde éadroma.
r.	... bain-míogán na gcoinníde.

Do réir nlice na b'ilead, an coinníde do bain do roinn díob ro, ní féadfaid ré comárta (nó com-fuaim) déanaíocht leir na gcoinníde do bain d'á roinn féin. Do déanfaid, mar fimpla, na focla 'poc,' 'rop,' agus 'crot' comárta iomlán le céile, óir bainneann litir deirneannad gac focail díob do'n roinn céadna, áit ní déanfaid ríad comárta le 'com,' ná le 'cop,' ná le 'cot.' Agus mar rin

* b'fearr "cruaid" do tabairt oirí ro, agus "bogh" ar an roinn leanad, .i. b, g, v.

time to the year 1600, were Deibhidhe, Rannuigheacht, Séadhna (Great and Little), Deachnadh, and a few other common ones.

I do not imagine that there was any great change in the schools of the bards, or in their metres, or in their poetry, for 400 years after the coming of the Normans or old Galls, or let us say from the year 1200 to the year 1600. The Irish poets divided the consonants of the alphabet into six divisions, and the consonants were both top and bottom of their versification. Here is how they divided them :—

p, c, t.	... soft consonants. ¹
b, g, d.	... hard consonants. ²
ch, ph, f, th, sh.	... rough consonants.
ll, nn, rr, m, ng.	... strong consonants.
bh, gh, dh, mh, l, n, r.	... light consonants.
s.	... queen of consonants.

According to the law of the poets, a consonant which belonged to one of these divisions could not make comháirda or Irish rhyme with any other consonant but those that belonged to its own division. For instance, the words *poc*, *sop* and *crot* would make perfect Irish rhyme with one and another, but none of them would rhyme with *com*, *cor* or *cod*. And so with all the consonants.

¹ Properly "hard" not "soft."

² Properly "soft" not "hard."

vo na confoiniōib̃ zo léir. 1r iao na rilrō ḡaeḡealača
 vo fuaip amac an ōlize reo, aḡur 1r iao vo poinn na
 confoiniōe ar an ḡcuma ro, mar 1r follur, óir ni pail̃
 na fuaime céaona le fáḡail ac̃t i n-a ōteangair̃ féin,
 aḡur veip ōoḡtúir atcinron nac̃ b̃fuil am̃par ar bit̃
 aize nac̃ pail̃ na poinñte reo (no ruo buō c̃ormúil leo)
 véanta aḡ na ḡaeḡealaib̃ oipeao aḡur ṽá m̃ile bliad̃an
 ó join.¹ Ni' l aon úḡoar i m̃béarla ná i nḡearmáinir̃
 vo érác̃t ar na poinñtib̃ reo nár aom̃uiz̃ ḡur b'an-
 c̃lir̃te aḡur an-oipeam̃nac̃ iao, aḡur zo b̃fuil na con-
 foiniōe poinñte vo réir̃ f̃ior-ōlize na fuaime féin.
 ac̃t cuiḡrim̃io an ōlize níor̃ fear̃r, rompla no ṽó vo
 beic̃ fá n-ár̃ r̃úil̃ib̃. aḡ ro p̃ann ōeib̃iōe vo p̃unne
 Maoilḡeacl̃ainn “na n-úir̃ḡéal” O h-úḡinn²:—

ḡion zo mbeic̃ ac̃t aon lám̃ airt̃

i ló caḡa ṽá cor̃aiñt,

ḡan p̃úoar vo ṽéanaib̃ ṽaib̃h,

vo ṽéañraō ūlaō ṽ'eaor̃aiñ.

C̃íom̃io ann ro zo mbaineann lit̃reac̃a veipeannača
 na b̃focal̃ c̃ríoc̃nuiḡear an céao líne aḡur an ṽara líne
 (R̃ aḡur Ñ) vo'n poinñ céaona, aḡur tá an T coit̃c̃ionñ
 vo'n ṽá f̃ocal̃. Mar̃ rin vo na lit̃reac̃aib̃ bh̃ aḡur ñ,
 in ran t̃reap̃ líne, aḡur 'ran ḡceaḡr̃amaō líne. aḡ ro
 p̃ann eile in ran ṽtoim̃ar̃ air̃ a ṽcuḡḡar̃ de-r̃ri-r̃lize²:—

¹ Liber Hymnorum, imleab̃ar I., leac̃anaō xxxii.

² ar̃ r̃ḡriōinñ ar̃ feil̃b̃ an r̃ḡriōb̃ñora, .i., “muna mbeic̃ ac̃t aon lám̃
 airt̃ / i ló caḡa ṽá cor̃aiñt / ḡan b̃r̃ón vo c̃ur̃ oir̃a / vo ṽéañraō ré
 ūlaō vo ṽreac̃aō.”

It was the Irish poets who invented this law, and it is they who thus divided the consonants, as is evident, because the same sounds are not to be found in other languages except their own; and Dr. Atkinson asserts that he has no doubt but that they had these divisions, or something of that nature, drawn up as much as 2000 years ago. No author either in English or in German has treated of these divisions who has not admitted that they are very able and fitting, and that the consonants are divided according to the true law of sound itself. But we shall understand the law better by having an example or two before our eyes. Here is a rann in Deibhidhe, that Maoilsheachlainn or Malachy O'Higinn "of the Romances," composed :—

Though we had no help but aRT
 In day of battle passaNT
 We would BREAK in *flood* on theM
 And SLAKE in *blood* Tir ConneLL.*

We see here that the last letters of the word that finishes the first line and second line, the letters R and N belong to the same class, and the T is common to both words. And so with the letters M and LL that end the third and fourth lines. Here is another rann in the metre called Ae-fri-slighe :—

* This shows the plan of the Irish verse. Literally : "Though there were only Art's single hand / in the day of battle protecting it / without doing a grief to them / he would make a plundering of Ulster."

Cruaidh an càr a tìarlamair
 Ar tìearc òeiriù an òomair,
 Iar gur b'iaò allmhair
 Iar oòca òuinn o'ar scoòdar.¹

Cìomh ann ro go mbaineann na litreacha do rìobar
 mòr (L agus R) in ran gceò line do'n poinn o'a
 mbaineann m agus O 'ran tìear line, agus go mbain-
 eann m agus N 'ran tìear line do'n poinn céadna le b
 agus R 'ran gceatnamh line. As ro beagán de lincib
 eile ar a b'fìrìomh còmh gèar agus do b'cluar na rean-
 gaeòal, agus còmh poncamail agus do b'òdar as lean-
 amaint na maòal ro:—

Tu ir fuaire uair eile,
 Ir cruaidh 'r ir caintiòe.²

Baineann an L i n—"eile" agus an O i g—"caintiòe,"
 do'n rang céadna; aòt ni fèatòad b'arò a m'ò, mar
 rompla:—

Tu ir fuaire 'nà iSe,
 Ir cruaidh 'r ir caintiòe.²

òir ni baineann S agus O do'n poinn céadna.
 As ro rompla eile:—

Cèad fát mbeic fearg m'g nime
 Riom, a'f mé as a'f m'g?

Baineann an m agus an g do'n poinn céadna. Arir:—

Gar oò' tìail claoòla a cuirp,
 Ir tu a'f m'g aon-uilc.²

¹ Ar rean-rìobinn ar fèilb an rìobnòra.

Poorer still our poVertY,
 Weightier our woNdeR,
 Since it is the foReigneR
 Saves us from our muRdeR.*

We see here that the letters which I have written large (V and Y) and (R and R) in the first and third lines belong to the same class, and that N and R in the second line belong to the same class as R and R in the fourth line. Here are a few more lines, to let us see how acute the ear of the ancient Gaels was, and how punctilious they were in following these rules:—

Tu is fuaire uair eile,
 Is cruaidhe 's is caintiDHe.

The L in *eile* and the DH in *caintidhe* belong to the same class; but a bard would not say, for instance;—

Tu is fuaire 'ná iSe,
 Is cruaidhe 's is caintiDHe.

for S and DH do not belong to the same division. Here is another example:—

Créad fáth mbeith fearg righ niMHe
 Riom a's mé ag aithriGHe.

The MH and GH belong to the same class. Again:—
 Gar do d' thuail claochladh a cuiRP
 Is tu athair gach aon-uiLC.

* This is based on the Irish stanza, the V being equal to bh, and the Y to gh or dh at the end of would.

² Tá na romplaíde ro uile ar sean-óantaibh gan ainm, ar feilb an ríobhóra.

ni'l na línte reo mar na línte éuar, óir atá dá con-
roine i nveirleadh gac focail veiriú, **R**p agus **l**c, áct
baineann an céad litir de'n vó (.i. **R** agus **l**) do'n
joinn céadna, agus baineann na litreacha veiréannaí
(**p** agus **c**) do joinn eile, áct dá joinn féin. Agus
romplano vó eile:—

Feairi do lón an daibhnear vuit,
'ná do fadhbnear móir minic.

Agus air:—

Ar Muig Iota an faicain buig,
Marbtar é le cloinn gCearmuiú.

Ó'féadfaínn mórlán eile do ráð ann go ar éularó na
filiréadta do cum na gaeóil in ran "Dán Oíreac,"
mar éugadair ar na foirmib béairraigeadta do bi dá
gcleadta i rgoilcib na mbáir, anuas go vti meadon
treacmáó céir véas. Áct ni'l an t-am agam le cunntar
iomlán do cup ríor ann go ar an nOeibíde, ar an Rann-
uigeact, ar an tSéadna, agus ar na tompaib eile do bi
dá múnad i n-Éirinn go vti an reacmáó céad véas;
áct veir an t-Ollam O Maolmhuir, do rgníob ghaiméar
i lairion 'ran reacmáó céad véas (1677 in ran Róim)
go raib an dán oíreac go h-iongantac cruaid, agus
"níor veacra ná don níó eile dá bfacaró mé ariam, nó
dá gcuadaró mé ariam, no feadaim a ráð, níor veacra
'ná don ruo dá bfuil le rágal faoi'n ngréin."¹ Cár-
pimíó anoir féadaint gearr tabairt ar rgoil de'n

¹ Maxime autem de metro, omnium quæ unquam vidi vel audiui, ausim

These last lines are not like the former, for there are *two* assonants in the end of each last word, RP and LC : but the first letters of each pair, R and L, belong to the same division and the last letters P and C belong to another, (but their own) division. Here is another* :—

Fearr do lón an daidhbheas duiT
'Ná do shaidhbheas mór miniC.

Or again :—

Ar Mhuigh Iotha an fhachain bhuiG,
Marbhthar é le cloinn gCearmuid.

I could say much here about the garb of poetry which the Gaels created in their Straight Verse, (as they called the forms of versification which were practised in the schools of the bards) down to the middle of the seventeenth century. But I have no time to give here a full account of Deibhidhe, of Rannuigh-eacht, of Séadhna, and of the other metres which were taught in Ireland down to the seventeenth century. But Dr. O'Mulloy who wrote an Irish grammar in Latin in the seventeenth century (Rome 1677), asserts that Straight Verse is wonderfully difficult, "more difficult than anything that I have ever seen or ever heard of, or I venture to say, than anything to be found beneath the sun." We must now take a short look at a bardic

* I have thought it best to give these Irish lines as they stand.

dicere quæ sub sole reperiuntur difficillimo, quo nimirum, bene cognito, nulla in reliquis cognoscendis supererit difficultas.—*Grammatica Latino-Hibernica* : τὰ ὁ λεατᾱνὰ 142 γο λεατᾱνὰ 280 τυγᾱ οο'ν Prosodia.

tróirt ro marí do bí ré 'ran reireadó agus 'ran reachtmáó
céadó uéas, tamall beas ruil ar cuireadó veireadó leo.¹

Do tóraigeadó an reiriún fá féil mhícl, agus do
tigróir na mic léigin le céile ar gac ceáirí 1 n-Eirinn
go coláiríe mhic Uí Shnám, no mhic Uí h-Uiginn, no mhic
Uí Uálais. Teac fada, fá cúmóac tuisge, ar éaoib
gleanna no fá bun cnuic, 1 n-áit cluimáir, téagairí, agus
do bí in ran rgoil, agus í gan fuinneogair in ran
gcuirí ír mó dí. Do réir marí tigeadó na mic léigin, do
tugtaríe reomra ar leití do gac uine aca, reomra beas
teití gan fuinneog, agus gan ve éiríacán tige ann acé
cúpla caíoirí, leaba, agus maíre le n-a gcuirí éaoirí
do éiríacó air. Nuair bí na mic léigin uile bailígte
ar teac, agus nuair bí a gcuirí bionntanar tugtar do na
h-ollamnáir, do cruinnígtí iad le céile in ran halla
mór, agus do cuirí ceirteanna ar gac aon aca, le
fágair amac cía méadó feara no eolair ar litrídeacé
do bí aige. Duine ar bití ve na macair léigin náir féadó
an gaeóeilí do rghíobadó go méirí agus go ceairt, do
cuirí abairí arí é. Ann rin do rinne an t-áirí-ollam,
Mac Uí Shnám no Mac Uí Uálais óráir do na macair
léigin, agus do cuireadó iad fá ríuradó na n-oiríeadó.
An mac buí mó eolair ar béairígeacé, ar Uaim,
ar Amar, ar Uaine, ar Comáirí, ar Áirí-rinn, agus ar
na comáirí éagráir, do cuirí ve fá'n oirí ír fearí,
agus an buacáirí buí luí eolair do cuirí é fá ríuradó

¹ réac leabair "Clanricard's Memoirs," foillígte 1 London, 1722.

school of this kind as it existed in the 16th and 17th centuries; a short time before they came to an end.¹

The bardic session used to begin at Michaelmas, and the students used to come together out of every quarter of Ireland to the college of O'Gnive or O'Higinn or O'Daly. The school consisted of a long house with a thatched roof, on the side of a valley or at the foot of a hill in a warm shelterly place, and it was built for the most part without windows. According as the students came together, there would be allotted to each of them a separate chamber, small, warm and windowless, with no furniture in it except a couple of chairs, a bed and a rail for hanging clothes. When all the students had gathered together and their presents had been given to the ollamhs, they were assembled in the great hall, and questions were put to each of them to find out how much knowledge or information they possessed about literature. Any one of the students who was not able to write Irish well and correctly was sent home again. Then the árd-ollamh, O'Gnive or O'Daly, made an oration to the students, and these were put under the guidance of preceptors. The student who had most knowledge of versification, of Uaim, and Amus, and Uaithne, and Comhárdá, and Aird-rínn, and of the various metres, would be placed under the care of the best instructor, and the lad who knew least would be com-

¹ This account is largely drawn from a remarkable book "Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanrickard," published in London in 1722.

φο-οιτε. *Θειτῖοε* leo ann rin τάν το έερατῶ αρ bun-
 άτῶβαρ έιζιν, curo aca ι τοτῶμαρ nač παιβ θεασαι, αςυρ
 curo eile aca ι n*Θειτῖοε* no ι Rannuiḡeačt mόιp. Nuair
 beit biaḡ na maione caičte aca, το tpeoruiḡčti ḡač aon
 aca ḡo τci a *ḡeompa* *ḡéin*; το τύνταοι an τοpυρ αι,
 αςυρ το *ḡáḡtaoι* é in *ḡan* τοpčaḡaρ, όιp nι παιβ aon
ḡuinnéḡ in *ḡan* tpeompa. Το caičeaḡ an mac léiḡin é
ḡéin αρ a leabaio,¹ ας *ḡmuaineaḡ* αςυρ ας macctnaḡ ι n-a
 intinn *ḡéin*, αςυρ ας cumaḡ a čuro pañn αρ an τοτῶμαρ
 τoubpaḡ leiρ. O'ḡan ḡač aon aca maρ rin ḡo h-am
 ruipéiρ, nuair čiḡeaḡ *ḡearbḡóḡanta* le coinnliḡ ας
 taḡaiρt *ḡoluιρ* τóίb, čum ḡo *ḡḡiόbḡaḡaoιρ* *ḡiόρ* αρ
ḡáipéaρ na pañn το bi cumčta aca. Iρ τóίḡ ḡo nḡeaρ-
 naḡ é *ḡeo* čum cuiḡne αςυρ meaḡaiρ na mac léiḡin το
méaḡuḡaḡ, όιp το b'éiḡin τóίb a ḡcuro pañn čongbáił
*ḡe ḡlan-méaḡaρ*² ι n-a ḡcuiḡne ḡo τciucḡaḡ an *ḡoluρ*.
 ḡač Sáčaiρn αςυρ ḡač lá *ḡaoιρ*, τ'imčiḡeaḡ na mic léiḡin
 αρ an ḡcoláιρte, αςυρ το *ḡḡapaḡaoιρ* iao *ḡéin* αρ *ḡuo* na
 típe ameapḡ na nḡaoine uapal αςυρ na *ḡḡolόḡ* *ḡaiḡḡiρ*,
 αςυρ ḡeiḡiόίρ *ḡáιłte* in ḡač aon τiḡ. Το čuiḡeaḡ muinntiρ
 na h-áiτε, ḡač *ḡeaρ* aca αρ a uaiρ *ḡéin*, lón αςυρ biaḡ
 ḡo τci an coláιρte, αςυρ ioiρ an méao lóin το ḡeiḡiόίρ
 αρ an tḡliḡe *ḡeo*, αςυρ an méao bḡonntanup το beipeaḡ
 na mic léiḡin leo, *ḡeiρ* *ḡiaḡ* ḡo παιβ na h-ollaḡaiρn αςυρ

¹ “*Luíde ι leabaio ḡol*”—ιρ ionann rin αςυρ “*beit 'na bápo,*” ι
 ḡcanamain na bḡileaḡ.

² nι leiḡiόe το όḡaoitib na ḡallia aon *ḡuo* čup αρ *ḡáipéaρ*. O'ḡéoiρ
 ḡo mbuḡ *ḡuḡleač* an nóιρ rin, é *ḡo*.

mitted to an under-teacher. They would then be desired to compose a poem upon some subject, some of them in a metre that was not difficult, and more of them in Deibhidhe or in Great Rannuigheacht. When their morning meal was eaten they would be led away, each of them to his own chamber, the door would be closed upon each, and he would be left in darkness, for there was no window in the room. The student would then throw himself upon his bed,¹ thinking and considering in his own mind, and composing his stanzas in the metre that he had been desired to.² Each of them remained in this way until supper-time, when a servant used to come round with candles to give them light, in order that they might write down on paper the stanzas that they had composed. This was done in order, no doubt, to increase the memory and power of recollection of the students, because they had to keep their stanzas by heart, in memory, until the light came. Every Saturday and every holiday the students would go out of the college and scatter themselves through the country, amongst the gentlemen and rich farmers, and they used to receive a welcome in every house. The people of the locality used to send, each in his turn, provisions and food to the college, and what between all the provisions they used to get in this way, and all

¹ "Lying in the beds of the schools" is a bardic epithet for becoming a poet.

² Can it be that this was a broken remnant of the custom which forbade the Druids of Gael to commit anything to writing?

na h-oiriúde rairibh go leor. An cúigeaó lá ríú de mí
 Máirta do bhuirí na rgoilte ruar, agus o'imtúgeaó na
 mic léigín abailé. Ní tígúir arís go ceann ré míor,
 óir ír ead faoil na daoine go mb'feairi uóib beit 'ran
 mbailé uóib réin, no as gabáil na tíre, i ucear na
 bliadna, 'ná do beit cnapta le céile in ran gcoláirte
 do bí mó tait éasgarac, gan fuinneógaib ann, agus gan
 oiréad agus carraingt gaoite. Ní tigeaó don uine go
 uatí an coláirte aót daoine do bain do bunad bároac.
 Do bí bunad rreirialta i n-Éirinn do eug báro agus
 ríú do'n tír, mar do bí Muinntir Uálai, Muinntir
 h-Uiginn, na Cobtaigis, Clann Crait, Clann an Báro,
 na Maolconairige, Muinntir Coinmíde, agus móran
 eile. Do bí an ríúeaót mar oigreaót in rna bunaduib
 reo, agus ír uata tígúir na mic léigín.

Ír in rna coláirtib agus na rgoiltib ar a uce mé
 an cunnar rí, do h-oilead agus do múinead ríú agus
 ollam na h-Éireann ar fead na gceadta bliadán, go
 uatí meadon an treacmáó céir uéas. Aót ó ruar na
 nuad-ghail gneim rgoige ar Éirinn, do cuir ríad ueréad
 leir na rgoiltib; níor fágadair oiréad agus ríúleac
 uóib 'n-a noiaig.

Ní forur a ráó cia an uair ar éorais rgoilte na
 mbáro ar éiríonaó. Do rinne an báirioḡain Eilír
 uigíte cruaidé i n-aḡar na bpilead, agus tamall beas

the presents that the students used to bring with them, it is said that the ollamhs and teachers were fairly rich. On the 25th of March the schools used to break up, and the students go home. They used not to come again for six months, for it was thought that it was better for them to be at home for themselves, or travelling through the country, during the heat of the year, than to be cramped together in the college which was too hot and snug, without windows in it, and without even an air draught. None used to come to the college except people who belonged to a bardic family. There were special families in Ireland who gave to the country bards and poets, as the O'Dalys, the O'Higinns, the O'Coffeys, the Magraths, the Mac-an-bháirds, the O'Mulchonrys, the Conmees, and many others. Poetry was, as it were, an heirship in these families, and it is from them the students used to come.

It was in the colleges and schools which I have described that the poets and ollamhs of Ireland were brought up and instructed for hundreds of years, down to the middle of the seventeenth century. But from the time the New Galls or later English got a grip of Ireland by the throat, they put an end to the schools, and did not leave even the remains of them behind.

It is not easy to state exactly at what time the schools of the bards began to wither. Queen Elizabeth passed stringent laws against the poets, and a short

'n-a òiaig rin do ènoc O Òrain, Iarla Tuarumhan, trí filio clúdamla.¹ Do rinneadh blige as pairliméad do cruinnigeadh i Luimneach 'ran mbliadhain 1541, as mád go mbainfeadh a cúro maoinne go léir de òuine ar bit do óéanrao "an filioeact ar a ucugtar abrán" do òuine ar bit aet amáin do Óia asur do'n mǵ.¹ Do geirthead file ar uairib oirhead asur céad marc ar óán no ar abrán ó na daoimib móra.² Trí rǵilling óeas asur cuirteúin do bí in ran marc, asur b'ionann céad marc an uair rin asur ré céad púnt anoir. Ní raib p'mionnra ná mór-uasal i n-Éirinn naé raib filio as teact éuca asur as tabairt óán no abrán molta leo ar a bfuig-íoir luac mór. Do bí lán leabair de óántaib as Tiobóiró buicléar, Tigearna na Caépac, asur as Máire Cíorós, a m'nnoi, ó'a molaó. Fuair an buicléaraó ro bár 'ran mbliadhain 1596. Do bí lán leabair de óántaib ar an nór céadna as Muinntirí Uí Órainn, ar a ucugao "leabair na mÓrainnaó,"³ Tá leabair as O Connubair Donn as molaó Cloinne Samraóain. Tá leabair i gCopenhagen, i Loólainn, as molaó Cloinne Mǵ Uíóir, asur ír óóig naé raib don bunao mór i n-Éirinn

¹ Annála Ríogacta na h-Éireann.

² "No poet nor other person whatever shall make verses called *auran* [abrán] to any one after God on earth, except the king," &c.—*Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, vol. 7, p. 93-115.

³ Do rǵríob Taoǵ óg mac Thairǵ mic g'hiollaóolum uí h-uíóinn, do fuair bár 1448, óán ar éas Chátail óis mic Chátail, mic Donnáda uí Chonnubair Shligiǵ, asur veir ré naé bfuigeao ré féin níor luǵa 'ná 20 bó uair ar óán. Feuc Egertou, 111, óán 40, rann 24-25.

time thereafter, O'Brien Earl of Thomond hanged three celebrated poets. A law was made by a parliament assembled in Limerick in the year 1541, that "any person who shall make verses called *auran* [i.e. *ἄβραν*] to any one after God on earth except the king," should have his goods confiscated. A poet used sometimes to receive as much as a hundred marks for a poem or *abhran*, from the great men of Ireland. The mark was worth thirteen shillings and four pence, and a hundred marks then would be worth some £600 now.¹ There was neither prince nor great noble in Ireland who had not visits from poets bringing poems or *abhráns* in their praise, for which they used to receive a large price. Theobald Butler lord of Cahir, and his wife Mary Cusack had the full of a book of poems in their praise. This Butler died in 1596. In the same way the O'Byrnes had the full of a book of poems written upon them which is called The Book of the O'Byrnes. O'Conor Donn has a volume in praise of the *clann Samhradhain* or Mac Governns, and there is a book in Copenhagen in Denmark written in praise of the Maguires, and it is pretty certain that there was no great family in Ireland

¹ Teig óg, son of Teig, son of Gillacolum O'Higinn, who died in 1484, composed a poem on the death of Cathal óg, son of Cathal, son of Donnchadh O'Conor, of Sligo, in which he mentions that he used never to get less than twenty cows from him for a poem. See Egerton MSS. III. poem 40. ranns 24-25.

² τὰ ὑποδ-όρις οὐ ποῦ ἡ ἐκολάρις καὶ τριονόρις.

nać pailb leabha de'n cineál céanna aca. Aćt ar
 oteaćt do d'eiread na treiread céio déag do bí raitciof
 ar na daoioib móra, agus ní bfuigead na báiro an
 fáilte céanna do g'eibioir moime rin. Fágmaoio file,
 Seágan O h-Uiginn, ag ceapaćt go bfuil eagla ar
 na Caománaigib, ar Cloinn Gearailt, ar Muinntir
 Uí Mórda, agus ar na Gaedelaib go léir, moim na
 Sacraaib, agus nać gcuireann riao don fáilte moim
 file anoir ——— aćt aiháin Clann Uí Bhoinn.

Aćt Ua Réamainn¹ tuillear bláć,
 Ní h-aicne dam roir ná riar,
 Neać le ceannać mo naoi rann,
 Má táio ann ní feadaí c' iao.

Do ćan an file mór ulltać, Mac Uí Ghním, cuiread
 na Sgol bároać, am éigin, mar mearaim, roir an
 bliadain 1600 agus 1620. Tarraingim an ván ro ar
 láim-rghribinn im' feilb féin. Cuirim comarća fá'n
 gcomároa atá i leit d'eirio gac rann.

Táirio Eigre fuinn Gaoideal²
 Adbar Suad na Saor-Dhaoidać,
 Ní mair oioć damna cúmaio,
 Ná oioć anma óllamain.

¹ doo mac Sheágan Uí Bhoinn. Tá ván an ar an lámhghribinn,
 "leabar na mbrannać."

² "i. thuit filio tíre na nGaedelać."

but possessed a book of the same kind. But towards the end of the 16th century the great nobles became terrified, and the bards would not receive the same welcome from them that they used to get before. We find a poet, Seághan O'Higinn, complaining that the O'Tooles, the O'Cavanaghs, the Fitzgeralds, the O'Moores and the Gaels in general, were afraid of the English, and now no longer welcome the poets—all except the O'Byrnes:—

Except the grandson of Redmond who deserves fame,
 I do not know, east or west,
 A person to buy my nine stanzas,
 If they exist I know them not.

The great Ulster poet O'Gnive sang the funeral-lamentation of the Bardic schools, some time as I think between the year 1600 and 1620. I extract this poem from a MS. in the writer's possession. I have marked the *comhárda* that is in the last half of each stanza:—

Fall'n the Land of Learned men,¹
 The Bardic Band is fallen,
 None now *learn* a *Song* to Sing,
 For *long* our *Fern* is Fading.

¹ This translation gives the metre of the original *Deibhidhe* and is sufficiently literal.

Táirniú a mé, leat an leat,
 Sgol ulaó, éigre laigheac.
 Deacmáó Dám Muinneac ní mair,
Ái gan fúigleac an t-áir-rain.

1 ghríó Connaót, Cearúca ríol
 ní mair Ollam ná' áóbar,
 tús fá'ni éirí ceo oíora,
 'Sni beo file ríólamta.

ní clor Sgoluiríe Sgéil teinn
 o' uib n-Dálais ná o' uib n-Uiginn,
 as túr luiríe i leapcáir ríol,
 dá ealtain fine n-eolac.

Oigirí tairíe Óuan-ríagta Óoill,
 éas eócarí mic Maoilíreáclainn,
 tús oíraíte éirínn fá oíl,
géirbeann maíte fá meanmoin.

Ué! ní mair Caom ná Capa
 o'fuil ealaónaó eócaró,

Scant the Schools made hearts to Stir
 In Ulster's Land and Leinster,
 Southward 'tis so, *nine* in *tēn*,
 From *Fine* and *Foe* have *Fāllen*.

Connacht, Crafty forge of Sōng,
 Is also Hurlèd Hēadlong,
Doom and *gloom* have Hushed the Hēart,
 For us no *Room*, no Rāmpart.

Ye were Masters Made to pleāse
 Ui h-Uiginn, Dear O'Dālys,
Gloomy rocks have Found their Fātes
 For *flocks* of *Plumy* Pōets.

Fearful your Fates, O'Hīginn,
 And Yohy Mac Mēlaughlinn,
Dark was the *Day* though *Feud* Fēll
 The *Good*, the *Gay*, the gēntle.

Where are ye, oh, where are yē,
 The Brilliant Blood of Yōhy?¹

¹ These were the Keoughs, poets of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow.

Այ րոն Կարբ Երմեաթ ոչկան,
 Կիւլէ Է Երմեաթ ու Երմեաթ.

Clann Chait, d'ádhaidís ríola,
Fine Rann-ġlan Ruanata,
Méala naċ Maipiro an dām,
Fréama Canato a' r Compán.

1 ghríe Uirniḡ an Fúinn ḡlain,
Sgoṭa Fíleabó Fuil Cobṭaig,
Sgéal Móir ḡan Maṛṭainn na rḡol,
A rḡaṛṭain ir Clóó Céaṛṫabó.

Clann an Báirne, mac Coimhíde,
 Teapc Fírig ná Fáir-íle,
 Mo bhall Ciac-ra i gCeo Cúmao
beo o'laigma na n-Ollamán!

‘Uo òan file eile timcioll na haimpne céanna i
 uataib tuitme na mbáir agur na filidheacta, mar
 leanaí. Iy éiréactaí faobair agur gáirne agur reirbe
 an file reo!—

¹ Օ Լանդշտեյնի մը թելն ձեռքի տակ:

Holy Hearted *men* and *pūre*,
 For whom there *Fell* no *Fūture*.

Keen Magraths, we Keene for *thēm*,
 A Race of Rann and *poēm*,
 Merry-*souled*, the Muses' *sons*,
 Right *Boon* and *Bold* companions.

Of Bards as Birds sweet on *trees*,
 A swarm Came from the *Cōffeys*,
 Sacred *Song* has *Ceased* to *live*,
Reached by a *Wrong* more *active*.

Mac-an-Wards and Mac *Cōnnees*,
 Seers and Sacred *vision'ries*,
Quenched they Lie in Lowly *bed*,
Whence, Ah ! have I *survived*.

Another poet sang about the same time concerning the downfall of the bards and of poetry as follows. Wondrous keen are the edge and bitterness of this poet :—

Δήμις, νά μεάβρῃς εἰςρε,
 Ἐπειρὸ το ῥέαν ῥιὰν ῥοτρίεῖς,¹
 Τὺρ ονόρια σε ρ' ουαλ οἱ,
Τυαρ ανήος αὐ εἰςρι.

νά lean οἱ, οἰοῦο ἑπειρε,
 νά cum, τρέ ῥνέαρ ηῤαεὺεἰλσε,
 Ὅαντα ρναρτα ἢ ρῥυαὸ-ῥοῖρρε ράτ,
ῤαρτα ῥυαὸ-ῥοῖρρε νεαμ-ῥνάτ.

Δβράιν βλάτα ἕννε βοςα,
 Ἡὰς βεας α μβεῖτ com-ῥαοα,
 Δ'ρ ῥο ρείς, ῥαν μό ῥορα,
μό το ῥέιμ ὅ'η ῥcumαρ.²

νά mol αοιν-ῥεαρ, νά haoρ ῥεαρ,
 Ὅα molαρ, νά mol ῤαοῖεαλ.
 Τυαρ ῥολα ὀ'αοινῥεαρ le ρ' β'αίλ,
molαὸ ῤαοῖοἰ το ῥαβ'αίλ.

ῤεαρ ῥιύ, νά ῥιόμ α ὀτεαὸτ,³
 νά cumνῖς α ῥcρoινceαὸτ,³

¹ .i. Ro ῥρείς ρι. ῤῥιόβτα μαρ αον ῥocal, cum ῥocal ἐπὶ ῥολλα το ῥυρ, ῥνεῖρεαὸ νά ὀαρᾶ line, μαρ ἀτά ῥocal ὀά ῥολλα ῥ νεῖρεαὸ νά line ῥοῖρρε ριν.

² = "ὅ'η ῥcumαρ ρο." ῤῥιόβτα ῥ n-αον ῥocal μαρ ἢ ῥεαυῖςτεαὸ ὀ'ῥιλε.

³ ῤά ῥολλα αῤ τεαῤτάλ 'ῥαν ὀά line ρεο. ἢ ὀβῖς ῥυρ "Δ'ρ" αὐ ῥocal ἀτά αῤ τεαῤτάλ.

Weave not Song my Son like *mē*,
 It means a Lot un-*Lūcky*,
 Honoured *class* the Bards may *Bē*,
 But all, a-*Las*, un-*Lūcky*.

Try not such a *Trade to wīsh*
 For Anyone. In *Irish*,
 Sound no *allegoric* *Sōng*,
Historic, Haughty, *Headlong*.

STrike no STrain of music, wēd
 To Lines of Length dīvided;
 Every *line* in *Feet* that *Fāll*,
 All *Fleet* and *Fine* and *ē*qual.

Satirize none. PRithee PRaise
 No man Living. Or Least-ways
 Praise no *Gael*. Else *Gall* and wōe
Fail not to *Fall* and *Fōllow*.

Leave a-Lone the Gael, nor tēll
 Tidings Tale nor *chronicle*

Iú! molta ḡaoiḡeal ná ḡab,
 ḡac aoiḡ-feaḡ iompa míoḡḡar.
 Mairne mīleacḡ, clanna Cúinn,
 Neaḡt aca aḡíḡ uá n-abḡaḡnḡ,
 Uḡeas taḡḡanḡaḡe uo ḡuaḡ rḡnḡ,
 Ná luaḡ ainḡine i n-ḡeḡḡnḡ !

Iḡ maḡrḡn u'éas ḡḡoḡḡe na mbáḡo. U'éasḡaḡaḡ leḡḡ an
 éas céaḡna uo ḡuḡ aḡ na buḡaḡaḡb móḡa ḡaeḡealaḡa.
 Ní'ḡ an áḡt aḡam in ḡan uḡḡáḡḡaḡ ḡeaḡḡ ḡo le cunḡḡaḡ
 uo ḡaḡaḡḡ aḡ ḡīleaḡaḡb na ḡḡol, aḡuḡ le n-a ḡcuḡ i
 ḡcomḡḡáḡo le céḡle, aḡuḡ le ḡīleaḡaḡb eḡle na h-ḡoḡḡa
 'ḡan am céaḡna. In ḡna ceḡḡe céaḡ bliaḡan taḡ eḡḡ
 teacḡḡa na Noḡmannacḡ, iḡ é mo mēaḡ ḡo mbuḡ é Uḡonn-
 cāḡ Mór O Uáḡaiḡ an ḡīle uo b'ḡeaḡḡ. Fuaḡḡ ḡé bār
 'ḡan mbḡiaḡaḡn 1244. Ueḡḡ na Ceḡḡe Máḡḡḡḡḡḡe uá
 ḡaoḡb maḡ leanaḡ:—"Uḡonnāḡ móḡ Ua Uáḡaiḡ, ḡaoḡ
 náḡ ḡáḡaḡḡeacḡ ocuḡ naḡ ḡáḡeocḡaḡ le uán, uo éḡ ocuḡ
 [a] aḡḡacal hī Maḡḡḡḡḡḡ na Uúḡle." Tḡmḡoḡḡ na
 bliaḡna 1600 uo bī móḡán báḡo maḡḡ beo i n-ḡeḡḡnḡ.
 Ní'ḡ an t-am aḡam cunḡḡaḡ uo ḡaḡaḡḡ oḡḡa ḡá leḡḡ,
 aḡuḡ aḡ an uiaḡbóḡḡeacḡ uo cūḡḡeacḡaḡ aḡ bonḡ
 eaḡoḡḡa ḡéḡḡ aḡ a uḡuḡḡaḡ "ḡomaḡḡáḡ na mbáḡo."
 Taḡḡḡḡeann Taḡḡ Mac Uaḡḡe ḡiom ḡéḡḡ níoḡ mó 'ná
 aon ḡeaḡ eḡle aca. Acḡ uo b'iaḡ, uo ḡéḡḡ mo ḡaḡamḡla-
 ḡa, Taḡḡ Uall O h-Uḡḡḡḡḡ aḡuḡ eoḡaḡ O h-ḡoḡḡa na

Of that *darkling* Ruined Race,
Whom demons *Marking* Menace.

Should I Say "though Sick with want,
Soon shall they Soar, as Cendant,"
Ah, I then, in *Sooth*, should Sing
Untruth Untruth or nothing.

Thus, then the schools of the bards died out. They died of the same death that overtook the great Gaelic families. I have no room in this short treatise to give an account of the poets of the schools, or to compare them, either with one another or with the poets of Europe who were their contemporaries. During the four hundred years after the coming of the Normans, my opinion is that Donnchadh Mór O'Daly was the best of the poets. He died in the year 1244. The Four Masters speak of him as follows:—"Donnchadh Mór O' Daly, a sage who was never surpassed and never shall be surpassed in poetry, died and was buried this year in the monastery of Boyle." About the year 1600 there were a great number of excellent bards alive in Erin. I have no time to give an account of them separately, and of the disputation which they carried on amongst themselves, called the "Contention of the Bards." Teig Mac Daire pleases me, I think, most. But in my opinion Teig Dall O'Higinn and Eochaidh O'Hussey were the

filíð do b'fearr agus do b'fiosmáire do máir ioir an
 seirfeadó agus an seachtmáð céad véas. Aót ní féadaim
 cunntar níor cruinne tabairt oirra ann ro. Cailtíð mé
 veirruigadó le cur ríor ar an atriugadó móir do táinig
 ar filíðeaót na h-Eiréann tré éiríonaó na Sgol agus
 na m'áiríu maíalta.

Do rígríob filíð na h-Eiréann ván víreac¹ com fad
 agus do máir na ríolite. Níor féad file ván víreac
 véanaim gan ríuivéar fada in rna ríolite. Aót éiríonaó
 com luac leir an seirfeadó céad véas go maib tomair
 eile taob amuis de'n ván víreac as teact arteaó. Ní
 maib don ruo eile as congáil ruar na vtoimar cruaró
 ealaóanta, agus go móir-móir an Veiríðe, aót na
 ríolite; agus nuair b'irfeadó iad ro, ní maib amair ar
 biú ann naó b'illfeadó an filíðeaót fíreóealac go ríime
 agus go cuma níor ríimplíðe. Ir é an ruo do ríinneadar
 anoir, .i. cur ruar do éiríonaó am poncamail
 na ríolla in ran líne. Duó cuma leo anoir cia
 méad ríolla bí ann ran líne, dá vtoirfeadó b'irí an góta
 an oirfeadó ceart v'uaríu in gac líne. Veirí vaoine go
 v'áinig an t-aíruigadó ro arteaó ó'n eólar do ruair na
 fíreóil ar rannuigeaót fíreana, 'ran tréactmáó aoir
 véas, aót ir vóig líom go maib an t-aíruigadó as vól ar
 aóar a b'fao ríime rin. As ro cruicugadó air. Do rígríob
 Mac fírigair na leara móir, i n-Eanna-fíreóal, i
 n-Albainn, rímeall na blíona 1512, ioir dá céad

¹ Dubairt file focal ríinn, tréat, mar ro:—

“fear vána as véanaim váin,
 ir vána an fíreóir do fíreóir;

best and most vigorous poets who lived between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But I cannot give a more exact account of them here. I must hasten to describe the great change that overtook the poetry of Erin through the withering of the schools and of the regular bards.

The poets of Erin wrote Straight Verse, so long as the schools survived. No poet could compose Straight Verse without a long course of study in the schools. But we find as early as the sixteenth century, that there were other metres, outside of Straight Verse, making their entry. There was nothing propping up the difficult scientific metres, and especially the Deibhidh, except the schools, and when these were broken up there could be no doubt at all but that Irish poetry would return to simpler forms and to a simpler shape. What they now did was—to *give up the punctual reckoning of the syllables in each line*. They did not care how many syllables were in each line, provided only the stress of the voice fell so many times in it. People say that this change had its origin in the knowledge which the Gaels acquired of English metric in the seventeenth century; but I have no doubt that the change was going on a long time before this. Here is a proof of it. Magregor of Lismore in Argyle in Scotland, wrote down about the year 1512, between

aic an fear naé noéanann an dán víneac
 is fear dána dá rírib é!"

agus trí céad de na vántaibh Gaeðeilge ba mó clú an
 uair rin amearg na nGaeðeal in a tír féin, agus ir
 ríor-beagán de'n Deibíde atá 'n-a mearg, agus in rna
 vántaibh rin atá cumta i Séadóna agus i Rannuiḡeaḡt
 Móir ní'l na ríollairí i gcóinnuiḡe go maḡalta. Sgríob
 ré ríor móráin de vántaibh Oirín, agus ní'l in ran gcuir
 ir mó de na vántaibh reo aḡt "Óglaḡar," no rannn aḡ
 véanam aḡr ar Oán Díreac. Tugḡar Óglaḡar aḡr, óir
 ní'l ann aḡt óglaḡ no rearbḡóḡanta i gcómpḡáio leir
 an Oán Díreac ceapḡ, óir ní cóimlíonann ré na maḡlaḡa.
 Tá láimḡrḡibinn i leabarlann bḡáḡrac naoim ḡróin-
 ríar, i mbaile-áḡa-cliaḡ, a bḡuil veic míle líne innḡe
 de'n cineál "Oiríneac," agus tug mé fá veapḡo go
 raib ríao ro beag-naḡ go léir cumta 'ran Oán Díreac.
 Aḡt ní hamlaḡo do na vántaibh ir mó clú i n-Éirinn agus
 i n-Albainn, na vánta do cuir an Cumann Oiríneac
 agus ian Caimbéal amaḡ. Óglaḡar atá ionnta-ran ḡan
 aon ró-cinnḡeaḡt ríolla in ran líne. Féac na línte reo
 ar "Seilḡ na Féinne or cionn loḡa Deirḡ":—

ríapḡ do bí ar loḡ an ḡsléibe
 le ar cuiread ar na Féinne,
 fíce céad, no níor mó,
 O'á ucug báir i n-aon ló.

Tá vá cōmar meargḡa aḡainn le céile ann ro. Do
 ḡlaodḡo na rean-ḡaeḡil "Deibíde lubencorac ḡuilb-
 neac Dialta" ar an vá céad-línḡe, agus "bḡicḡ

two and three hundred of the Gaelic poems of most fame at that time amongst the Gaels in his own country, and there is very little Deibhidh amongst them, and even in those poems that are composed in Séadhna and in Rannuigheacht Mhór, the syllabification is not always regular. He wrote down a great number of the Ossianic poems, and the most of these poems are only in “óglachas,” or imitation of Straight Verse, for in comparison with the real Straight Verse, such metres are only “óglachs” or servants, because they do not fulfil the rules. There is a MS. in the library of the Franciscan Brothers in Dublin, in which there are 10,000 lines of the kind called Ossianic; and I have noticed that nearly all these were composed in Straight Verse. But that is not the case with the most famous Ossianic poems both in Ireland and Scotland, the poems which the Ossianic Society and Ian Campbell printed. They are in “óglachas” without any certain number of syllables in the line. Look, for example, at these lines from the “Hunt of the Fenians above Loch Dearg” :—

Serpent in the mountain hollow,
Fenians did defeat and follow.
Twenty hundred they say
Suffered death in one day.

We have here two metres mixed together. The old Gaels used to call the first two lines “Deibhidhe lubencosach guilbneach dialta” and the other two lines

"Deiríòe Suidhneac Reomarcaac" ar an dá líne eile. Is ciall do na hainmneachaib fada ro "comar oet-íollaac 'n-a bfuil comárta lárta i bfoclaib dá-íolla i nveiread gac líne," agus "comar ré-íollaac a bfuil comárta ann i nveiread gac líne i bfoclaib doim-íolla." Tá mórán comar éagraimil meargta mar rin le céile i ndántaib Oirín, agus do bí mar rin ceitre céad bliadan ó roin, agus triuaillead iad go mór as uil ó béal go béal. Tugann Seactrún Céitins pann ar gCac Gabha, i n-a "Chí Biorghaite," agus tugann reirean go ceart iad; tá react íollaib in gac líne:—

Do bím as féadain a chéact,
 Agus as áiream a éact.

Aet as ro mar fuair agus mar clóbuail Mac Uí Cearnaig iad:—

Do bí ann as féadain a chéact,
 Agus as áiream a iomda éact.

As millead ceire an paimn, do réir na rean-maigla. Aet nuair fuair báirt na rean-rgol bár, níor coiméad na nuad-báirt aineólaça, o'éirig fuar i n-a n-áit, uimhir cinnte na íolla, agus ba cuma leo í, aet amáin bhrig an goça do éuitim go ceart trí uaire no ceitre uaire, no níor mó, in ran líne. As ro rompla ar an aetruad do pinneadair ar Rannuigeact Mór:—

“Bricht deibhidhe guilbneach recomarcach.” The meaning of these long names is “an octo-syllabic metre in which there is strong *combárda* between dissyllables at the end of the line” and “a six-syllable metre in which there is *combárda* made between monosyllables at the end of each line.” There are many various metres mixed in this way with one another in the poems of “Ossian,” and this was the case four hundred years ago, and they are greatly corrupted in passing from mouth to mouth. Geoffrey Keating gives a stanza from the Battle of Gabhra in his “Three Shafts (or Stings)” and he quotes them correctly with seven syllables in each line:—

I set to examining his wounds
And recounting his exploits.

But here is how O’Kearney found and printed them:—

Do bhi ann ag féachain a chréacht
Agus ag áiriomh a iomdha éacht,

spoiling the correctness of the stanza according to the old rules. But when the bards of the old school died out, the new and ignorant poets who arose in their place did not preserve the exact number of syllables in their lines, but disregarded it, if only the stress of the voice fell duly three times or four times or more in the line. Here is an example of the way they changed the *Rannuigheacht Mhór*, for example:—

Óc! a / Múir¹e, nac / trua¹ḡ mo / cár,
 1 brian¹taib / báir¹ ar / oit¹ mo / fua¹in,
 fá'n gcluanaiḡ / meangac¹ vo / fíla¹o mo / ḡrá¹o,
 1r nac b¹rágaim ḡo / b¹rác a / málairt¹/ uait¹'.¹

1r truailleaó é seo ar Rannuigeac¹t Móir. 'Do
 rḡríob¹raó sean-báir¹o mar ro iao¹:—

Óc! a Múir¹e, 'r boct¹ mo cár,
 'Duil¹ ḡo báir¹, ar oit¹ mo fua¹in,
 An cluanaiḡ vo fíla¹o mo ḡrá¹o,
 'S táim ḡo b¹rác ḡan málairt¹ uait¹'.

Nuair leigeaó arteac¹ oá fíolla ḡearr¹, no trí mollaí¹o
 ḡearra, 'ran áit nac mair¹b ac¹t aon fíolla in ran trean-
 béarruigeac¹t, vo hiompuiḡeaó le p¹rap na rúl i n-aon
 móimio amáin, cuma, rnuao¹, aḡur fua¹im na fíli¹o¹ea¹ca
 ḡae¹o¹ea¹laiḡe. 'Do horḡlaó an o¹orur, táim¹is binnear
 ná¹o¹ur¹ca na ḡae¹o¹eilḡe arteac¹, aḡur ní¹or oúnaó an
 o¹orur ó foin.

Aḡur ní hé amáin ḡo n¹oeairnaí¹o na fíli¹o¹ nua¹o¹a an
 t-a¹truaḡaó ro, ac¹t vo ceangail¹ ríao, leir, a¹truaḡaó eile
 vo bí com¹ h-éir¹ea¹ca¹ac leir, .i. ní¹or t¹u¹ḡ ríao aon
 áir¹o ar na con¹roiní¹oib¹, ac¹t amáin ar na
 ḡo¹c¹annaib¹. 'Do bí, mar éir¹beán mé p¹oim¹e seo,
 fíli¹o¹ea¹ca¹ na sean-ḡae¹o¹ea¹l o¹éanta vo p¹éir¹ na ḡcon-
 roine; bu¹o iao-ran clo¹c¹-bun aḡur f¹on¹oament na

¹ "Ab¹ráim ḡrá¹o Cúige Connac¹t," leatana¹c 130.

² ní¹l aon uaim 'ran p¹ann ro; ní¹l ann ac¹t óḡla¹car.

See me / Mary, how / sad is my / case
 In / sorrow's em/brace I'm / left this / day.
 Yon de/ceiver of / roguish / face,
 Stole each / trace of / heart a/way.

This is a corruption of Great Rannuigheacht. An old bard would have written it some way thus:—

How sad, O, Mary, my case,
 Grief's embrace is mine this day,
 The deceiver with gay face,
 Each trace of heart stole away.¹

Once two short syllables, or three, were allowed into the place which was occupied by one syllable in the older versification, the shape and beauty and sound of Irish poetry were completely changed. The door was opened; the natural melody of the Irish language entered, and the door has never been closed since.

And it was not alone that the new poets made this change, but they bound up with it another change that was quite as effective, i.e., *they no longer paid heed to the consonants, but only to the vowels*. The poetry of the ancient Gaels was, as I have said before, built upon the consonants. They were the foundation and fundament

¹ There is no Uaim in this verse, it is only “óglachas,” not true Rannuigheacht.

fíliúeácta rin. Nuair caitead iad do leat-éaduib do
 haéruigead an fíliúeáct rin ó bun go bárr, agus trío-
 amad. Do éoruaig an t-aéruigad ro i n-Albainn i
 uopaí, mar fáoilim. Do rinne Máire nic Léio, do
 rugad amearg na n-oileán i n-Albainn 'ran mbliadain
 1569, abhán ar an móó nuad ro, naé bfeicim a leicéio
 i n-Éirinn go ceann tamail fáda 'na uiaig. Ir ipe,
 ar móó ar bit, an céad uaine éioim i n-Éirinn ná i
 n-Albainn, do rinne béarraio rgaoilte na rgoile
 nuad, gan don trum aici ar éom-fao na línte, no ar
 na conroinuib. As ro rompla 'á uántuib rgríobta
 amad do réir litrigte Gaéilge na h-Éireann:—

Cá ní' l cleactad mic riú,
 No gairge, no gníomh,
 Naé bfuil pearra mo gaoil // lán ve,
 In ra tréine, 'r a lút,
 In ra ceutair 'r an clú,
 In ran bfeile 'r gnúir // náire.¹

As ro rompla eile uairi, do réir litrigte na
 h-Albann:—

Mo neart 's mo threóir,
 Fo thasgaidh bhórd,
 Sár mhac 'Ic Leóid,
 Nan bratach sróil,

¹ "Sár-obair nam Bárd Gaelach," le Ian Mac Coinnich, *leatanaí* 22.

of that poetry. When they were cast to one side the poetry was changed throughout, from top to bottom. This change began first of all, as I imagine, in Scotand. Mary Mac Leod who was born there amongst the islands in 1569, made songs in this new manner, the like of which I do not find in Ireland for a long time afterwards. At any rate she is the first person I see either in Scotland or Ireland who composed in the loose verses of the New School, without any regard for equal length of her lines or for the consonants. Here is a specimen according to the Irish orthography:—

There is no habit of a king's son,
 Nor valour, nor deed,
 That the person of my love / is not full of,
 In strength and in activity,
 In beauty and in fame,
 In generosity and a countenance / of modesty.

Here is another example, from her, in Scotch orthography:—

My strength and my director
 Under the keeping of boards!
 The good son of Mac Leod
 Of the satin standards,

Bu phailt' ma'n ór,
 Bu bhinn-caismeachd sgeóil,
 Ag luchd-astair.

A's CEÓIL na h-EIREANN

Co neach ga 'n eól,
 Fear t'fhasain beó ?
 Am blasdachd beóil,
 'S am maise neóil,
 An gaisge glóis.
 An ceart 'san cóir,

Gan airceas na SGLEÓ FEILE.

Ó'rád an τ-ἀβραν Ο Μαολμυαῖὸ ἔφη, ἀμ εἰς τὴν ποίη
 ἀν μβλιαῶαι 1637, ἀγυρ νίον κύρι πειρεαν μόριάν
 ρυιμε (το ρέιν ἀν πρποροια ἰ η-α ζῆραιμέαρ λαιριον-
 ζαεῶειλς) ἰ η-αον βέαρραιζεαὲτ ἀττ ἰν ραν Ὀάν Ὀίρεαὲ.
 Ἀττ τυζανν ρέ α ἰαἰβριὺλ ὀειρεανναὲ το'ν βέαρραιζ-
 εαὲτ νυαὲ ρεο, ἀγυρ βειρ ρέ μαρ αἰνμ ἀρ ἀν ζαἰβριὺλ
 ριν, “De vulgari versu et compositione!” Τοραιζεανν
 ρέ μαρ ρο:—“Vulgarem voco versum quo vulgus utitur,
 Hibernicè ἀβράν seu βυρρουν seu ceatpama, item caoine
 seu τυιρεαὲ.” Δομυιζεανν ρέ ζο βρυιλ ἀν “τ-ἀβράν”
 ἰν-λέιζτε, ρρπειρεαμὰι ἀρ υαιρὺβ, ὀιρ βειρ ρέ ὡά ἰαοιῖβ,
 “Sanè suas habent difficultates, nec tamen reputantur
 nizi elegantiam habeant et gratiam vel conceptum.
 Quandoque autem sunt prægnantissimi sensus,¹ ut in
 sequente videre est:—

¹ ρέαοαιμ α ράὲ ναὲ μβιονν ριαὲ ζο μιμικ πρægnantissimi sensus. Σιν
 ἔ ζο ὀίρεαὲ αἰλιῶεαὲτ ἀν Ὀἡάν Ὀἡίρμζ. νί βιονν ἀν τ-ἀβράν ἀττ
 maxime diffusus!

Who was plenteous in gold,
 Who was melodious in war-song of story
 Amongst the travellers

And musicians of Ireland.

Who is the person who knows

A man of your habits, alive ?

In tastefulness of speech,

In beauty of complexion,

In valour of * * * * [?]

In right and Justice,

Without scarcity, or boasting [?] of generosity.

Father O'Mulloy left Ireland some time before the year 1637 and he (to judge from the prosody in his Latin-Irish grammar) did not set much store by any versification outside of Straight Verse. But he dedicates his last chapter to this new versification and calls it "De Vulgari Versu et compositione." It begins thus:—"I call vulgar Verse that which the Vulgars (or common people) employ; in Irish 'abhrán' or 'burdún' or 'ceathramha,' also 'caoineadh' or 'tuireadh'." He admits that the "abhrán" is sometimes readable and pleasant, and says about them "they have, indeed, their own difficulties, nor are they anything thought of unless they possess elegance and grace, or a good conceit. Sometimes, indeed, they are most pregnant¹ in sense, as in the following":—

¹ This is just what they are not, but what the Straight Verse always is. The abhrán is nothing if not diffuse.

“Δ βλάιτ-λίτιρ λαζας νά ζερειντεαρ ρίβ,
βί αο λάιν-μιότ ζο βανβα, ’ρ βειρ ρζέαλα λίβ.
ζιος όαλλρυο λυςο αιμλεαρ μέ ζαν ρίορ
ζο μυς πάτρμυς μο νά όεαρς ζο h-έιρε λείρ.”

Νί’λ αον έινντεας τιόλλα ιν ραν αβρίάν έταρ. τά
οεις τιόλλα ’ραν ζεάο αγυρ ’ραν οαρα λίνε, ναοι ζεοιν
ιν ραν τρίομάς λίνε, αγυρ αον τιόλλα οέας ’ραν λίνε
όειρεανναις. Τυζαν αν τ-αέαιρ Ο Μαολίμυαιο αν
νις έαονα ρά οεαρα ι οταοις να “ζεαοιντε,” ας μάς
ζο οτις le φοαι τρί τιόλλα ουλ ι ν-άιτ φοαιλ νά τιόλλα,
μαρ:—

“Μαρκας παςμαρ, παςμαρ, έαςτας,
Ορόςα, ορεαςας, καςας, έαοτας.”

Νό ο’έαορά, αοειρ ρέ, αν λίνε φαουζας, μαρ:—

“Μόιντεας, μαοαιρεας, αβαιρεας, έιςγεας.”

Νί έαοαιμ α μάς ζο βρυαιρ μέ αον “αβρίάν” οε’ν
τρίορ ρο βί οεαρτα ι βραο μιοιμ αν μβλιαςοαιν 1600, ας
νί’λ μέ ας μάς νάρ έλεας να ζαεοιλ αν “τ-αβρίάν” ό
τορας να ρειρεας έαο οέας. Αρ αν “αβρίάν” ο’έαρ
ζο φορυροα αγυρ ζο νάούροα ζας ραζαρ ειλε οε να
νυας-έομραις ριν, οο λίον ζας αον ο’ά βρυιλ εολαρ αιςε
ορμα le hιοngαntaρ μαρ ζεαιλ αρ α μβιννεαρ. Οο
ρζηος Σεατρύν έιτινν ος νοάντα οέας, οιρι αν
μβλιαςοαιν 1606 αγυρ 1644, no μαρ ριν. τά ος ζεοιν
οίος ρο ι ρεαν-έομραις να ρζοι, ιρ έ ριν ι ν ο ά ν

O, Courteous blossom-letter, if thou art believed,
 Be in full run to Banba, and bear tidings with thee,
 That although hurtful people have blinded me with-
 out knowledge,
 Patrick has taken with him my two eyes to Ireland !

There is no equal number of syllables in the lines of the above *abhrán*; there are 10 in the first and second lines, 9 in the third, and 11 in the fourth. Father O'Mulloy observes this (uncertainty in the length of the line) in the case of the *caointe* or *keenes*; pointing out that a trisyllable may take the place of a dissyllable, as :

Marcach / rathmhor / rachtmhor / éachtach
 Cródha / creachach / cathach / céadtach.

Or as he observes, you may lengthen the line [with trisyllables] as :—

Móinteach / Machaireach / abhaineach / éigneach.

I cannot say that I have found any “*abhrán*” of this sort that was composed long before the year 1600, but I do not say that the Gaels did not use the “*abhrán*” from the very beginning of the sixteenth century. Out of the *abhrán* grew, easily and naturally, every other species of the new metres which have filled everyone acquainted with them, with astonishment, on account of their melody. Geoffrey Keating wrote 18 poems between the year 1606 and 1644 or so. Eight of these are in the old metres of the schools, i.e. in “Straight

Ó íreac. Tá cúis cinn aca i n-a n-abhránaib,
 agus cúis cinn eile i na gcaoincib. I r é seo an
 vealuḡaḡ atá i n-a n-abhránaib agus na caoincib. In
 ran “abhrán” bíonn oá focal no trí focal, no tuil-
 leaḡ, in ran gcaoincib líne ag veánaib uaitne [i. ar don
 ḡuḡ] le oá focal no le trí foclaib, no le tuilleaḡ,
 in gcaoincib eile ve na ceitne línib. Mar ro:—

Óm rgeól ar áno-máig fáil ní coolaím oíḡe,
 'S vo bneóḡ go briát mé oála a pobuil oíḡe,
 ḡo no-faḡa táio na briál ag briogair bíḡḡaḡ,
fá veoíḡ gur fár a lán vo'n coḡal triḡeḡ.¹

Át in ran “gcaoincib” bíonn oá focal no trí focal in
gcaoincib líne ag veánaib uaitne [ar don ḡuḡ], 'n-a me ar ḡ
 f é i n, ḡan baint ar biḡ aca vo na línib atá i n-a n-
 vo'n-a n-abhránaib, mar:—

I r mipe an bár 'n-a an lán-tonn báioḡe,
 'S 'ná eac oá luaithe ar cúrra an pára, 7c.²

Fuar Seatruín Céitinn bar 'ran mbliaḡaḡ 1650,
 agus vo b'é Óaíḡi O ḡruaḡair, b'féioir, an file vo
 b'feairi ó bár an Céitinn go veirḡaḡ na reatḡaḡ
 céaḡ veaḡ. Át níon éleat an ḡruaḡair ro don
Óán Óíreac. Vo bi ré rin com maic le imḡiḡe,
 ḡḡuḡaḡa amac, veairmaḡeḡ, le na linn-rean. ḡḡuḡoḡ
Mac Uí ḡruaḡair abhráin agus caointe, agus cuḡ ré
 arḡeac toḡar nuaḡ no oḡ.

¹ Óánta Seatruín Céitinn, leatnaḡ 19.

Verse." Five of them are "abhráns" and five of them are *Keenes*. This is the difference between the Keene and the 'abhrán;' in the 'abhráns' there are two or three or more words in the first line making Uaithne, *i.e.* rhyming on the same vowel, with two or three or more words in every one of the other three lines, thus:—

My *tale* from FOYLE gives ME nor *ease* nor pleasure.
Her *aching* SOIL not FREE, *disease* doth measure,
A *gale* doth BOIL the SEA, we *freeze* for ever,
We *fail*. They SPOIL us. WE by *seas* are severed.

But in the Keene or *caoine* there are two or three words in each line making Uaithne with the same vowel sound *amongst themselves*, without any concern for the lines that come before them or after them, as:—

Swifter is *Death* than the *breath* of the mind,
Or steeds that *race* with the *pace* of wind, &c.

Geoffry Keating died in the year 1650, and David O'Bruadair or Broder was, perhaps, the best poet from the death of Keating till the end of the seventeenth century. But O'Bruadair did not employ any Straight Verse. It was, in fact, as good as gone, blotted out and forgotten in his time. O'Bruadair wrote "abhráns," *caoinés*, and brought in one or two new metres.

² ar an "Cholera Morbus," leir an Reachtúire. Ainm tochair atá i "gcaoine." Deir an t-ádhair O Maolmhuir go bfuil ré 'n-a naenia, no go nóantair é "in laudem alicujus vel vituperium."

Do leanadh an bhuaidhreach le dothadán uia Račaille, do bí 'n-na ughar ó'n mbliadhain 1694, go 1726, no mar rin. Fíle móir do bí in ran Račailleac ro, agus do éruinnigh an t-Adair O Duinnín 46 o'á oántaib, ačt ní'l aon éeann aca'ran "oán oíreac." Do éuir dothadán rnar agus rgiar nuad ar filioeac na h-Éireann. Do fuaire ré amac tomar nuad, do éuir ré culair úr ar fean-toirib, do mearg ré fuaim na nguē' tpio a lincib ar móo iongantac, do fnoim agus o'fíg ré na fuaimne fein tpio a céile, ag breagad cluair na lučt-éirteac, agus do íaruir ré, dar liom-ra, cac o'á oáinigh ioime le fioir-binnear abearraigeac. Ni íaoirfead aon ouine go breagad fíle ar bit ceol do éuir 'ran nSaeoelg buo binne 'na ceol an Račallig. Ačt do leanad Mac Uí Račaille le filioib eile ar fuo na h-Éireann, agus go móir-móir i gCúige Mumán, do pinne neite iongantaca. Ir binnear o'iair ríad, agus ir binnear fuair ríad. Ró binn acáir! Ačt ní éiríeann an ró-binnear agus an lán-ciall go ró-mair le céile. Baintear de'n céill go minic an méad éuirtear leir an mbinnear. Ačt ar a fon rin, ni féadann ríoláir aon focaí ačt focaí molta, ná aon rmuáinead ačt rmuáinte iongantair beir aige nuair breatnuigeann ré ar obair na mbáir Saeoelac 'ran oetmad céad oéag. Fioir-filioe agus focaí-céol-tóirí iongantaca, do bí i n-Doó Mac Cuiitín, i Seágan Clárac Mac Dóinnail, i nDonnac Mac Conmara, i n-Ainoriar Mac Cuiat, in ran Adair Eogan O Caoim, i Seágan O Tuama, i Seágan O Neactáin, i mbuain

O'Bruadair was followed by Egan O'Rahilly, whose authorship ran from about 1694 to 1726. This O'Rahilly was a fine poet. Father Dinneen has collected 46 of his poems, but none of them, either, are in Straight Verse. Egan added new charm and beauty to the poetry of Ireland. He invented new metres, he invested old metres with a new garb, he mingled the vowel-sounds through his lines in a wonderful manner. He twisted and wound the sounds themselves, one through another, in such a way as to charm the ear of his hearers, and in the truly-melodious music of his versification he surpassed in my opinion all who came before him. No one could think that any poet alive could put more music into the Irish language than O'Rahilly. Yet O'Rahilly was followed by other poets throughout Ireland, and especially in the province of Munster, who did wonderful things. Melody they sought, and melody they found. It is too melodious they are. But over-melody and full-sense do not go together. What is added to the melody is often taken from the sense. Yet in spite of this no man of letters can have any words but those of praise, or any but admiring thoughts, when he looks into the work of the Gaelic bards of the eighteenth century. True poets and wonderful word-musicians were Hugh Mac Curtin, John (Clárach) Mac Donnell, Donncha Macnamara, Andrew Magrath, Father Owen O'Keefe, John O'Toomey, John O'Naghten and Teig O'Naghten,

Mac Giolla Mhéiríne, úgðar “Cúirt an Mheádon-Oróice,”
 1 oTaoḡ Saeḡealaḡ, 1 n-Boḡan Ruaḡ O Súillioḡáin, 1
 Seáḡan O Muḡcuḡa, 1 bḡilip O Bḡáḡaiḡ, 1 Séamaḡ
 Mac Cuaiḡt, 1 n-Aḡt Mac Cúmaḡo,¹ aḡur 1 móḡán eile
 oo máir aḡur oo ḡḡḡioḡ ’ḡan oḡḡmaḡ céaḡ oéaḡ.

’Oo ḡinne na nuaḡ-ḡáirḡ ḡeo, uile, oáḡta aḡ Éirinn,
 no aḡ na Stiúḡarḡaiḡiḡ, aḡur tá an ḡḡeal céaḡna
 aca uile le n’innḡint, maḡ oo caḡaḡ ainnḡiḡ áluinn oḡḡa,
 coir aḡḡne, no aḡ ḡaoiḡ ḡnuic. ’Oo mólaḡar a ḡearḡa
 aḡur a ḡḡiam, a ḡḡuaḡ, a lámḡa bána, aḡur a com
 ḡeang, ḡo mion móḡi-aḡeac, aḡur ann ḡin o’ḡiaḡḡuiḡoír
 oí cia h-í. ḡḡeaḡḡann an ḡḡéirḡbean ionḡantaḡ, 1 ḡcóm-
 nuíḡe, ḡur Éiríe, no ḡanḡa, no céile Séarḡluir, no bean
 an Lonḡuib, no bean Míe an Céannuiriḡe (ir é ḡin an
 Stiúḡarḡaiḡ) í, aḡur innḡeann ḡí oo’n ḡíle naḡ ḡaḡa
 ḡo mbeirḡ ḡí ḡá ḡéim aḡír. Tá lán leaḡḡar oḡ oáḡtaíḡ
 oḡ’n ḡróḡt ḡo ann. Tá maḡ an ḡcéaḡna móḡán oḡ
 oáḡtaíḡ ḡḡáḡ, oḡ oáḡtaíḡ oiaḡa, aḡur oḡ oáḡtaíḡ 1
 n-aḡaḡo na nḡall, no na Saḡranaḡ ann. Aḡ ḡo maḡ
 ḡompla, ḡearḡa aḡ oán aḡ Éirinn, oo ḡacaḡ leir an
 bḡíle ḡá ḡḡuḡ maḡḡoíne. Seón lluir oo ḡinne é, ḡim-
 ceall na bliáḡna 1770. ḡéirim an ḡearḡa ḡo, maḡ
 ḡompla aḡ ḡinnear aḡur aḡ céol na nuaḡ-ḡáirḡ, aḡur
 maḡ ḡompla aḡ na céaḡtaíḡ oán eile ’n-a ḡḡeicḡear
 Éiríe ḡá ḡḡuḡ mná:—

¹ ní ḡuḡaim ‘ḡíle móḡ’ aḡ ḡhoirḡealḡac O Ceapḡalláin. b’ḡearḡ
 maḡ cláirḡeoir ’ná maḡ ḡíle é. Caillḡaḡ é ’ḡan mbliáḡáin 1737.

Bryan Mac Gilla Merry, author of the "Midnight Court," Teig Gaelach and Owen Ruadh O'Sullivan, John O'Murphy, Phillip O'Brady, James Mac Cuirt, Art Mac Coy, and many others who lived and wrote in the eighteenth century.

All these new bards made poems about Erin and the Stuarts, and they all have the same story to tell, how a beautiful maiden met them by a river or by a hill side. They praised her person, her beauty, her hair, her white hands, her slender waist, minutely and with great care, and then they enquire of her who she is. The wondrous maiden always answers that she is Erin or Banba or the concert of Charles, or the wife of the blackbird, or the wife of the Merchant's son (meaning the Stuarts) and she tells the poet that it is not long until she shall be in authority again. There is the full of a volume of poems of this nature. There are also many love poems and religious poems, and many against the Galls or English. Here for example is a verse from a poem about Eire, who was seen by the poet under the guise of a maiden. John Lloyd made it about the year 1770. I give this verse as an example of the melody and music of the new bards, and as an example of hundreds of other poems in which Eire is seen under the guise of a woman :—

Coir leapa òam go h-uaisneac
 Ar uair na mairene im' donar,
 Le h-air na Sionna, i mbruac cnuic
 Ba fhuadò-glaise rghail,
 Do òearcair ainneir uaidhneac
 Ba fhuaimneac, ba f'eanmair,
 Go réaltaannaic, aénaic,
 As téarmaim im' óail.
 Bí a olaoiò-fólt uaitte, feacta, riar,
 Go cíoréa, carra, rraatac ríor,
 Go rlímeac, rnarra, cnaatac, ríor,
 'Na rlaosaió go feór,
 A réalta-òearca naé-glara
 'Na h-éadan, san car, san crín,
 As léiri-caiteam gaéte
 Í gcléitib gaic treóin !

As ro béarra ar ván do rinnead le William O Lion-

¹ This is the metre of the original. *Literally* : As I was lonely beside a rath, / at the hour of morning solitary / beside the Sionna, on the brink of a hill / most green-hued of shade / I beheld a haughty maiden / who was restful, who was happy / like a star, airy / coming to meet me, / her tressy-hair

Beside a liss all lonely,¹
 Alone as morn was breaking,
 The tide was up and foaming,
 And gloriously fair,
 When, looking up, behold her,
 A soulful, a saintly,
 A fairy-figured angel,
 A-facing me there.
 Her dress was flowing airily,
 Her tresses glowing fair and free,
 Her presence showing there to me
 A fay from the sky,
 A lady of grace,
 Her face was the fairest seen,
 Unchangeable, ranging in
 State from on high.

Here is a verse from a poem made by one William

was brightest-coloured, bent, transversely / [waving.] combed, twisted
 quivering down, glossy, neat, in layers, long / in swathes [falling] to the
 grass. / Her starry eyes, moon-grey / in her countenance without wrinkle,
 without decay / completely-throwing darts / into the breasts of each
 strong man.

áin éigin, i n-aimhrii an cóigaid eiríri America agus na Sacra-naig. Bíod ro 'na ríompla ar na nuad-óántaib do ríomh go clírte le céile, éiríe fá éiríe mná boíte agus neite an laé, mar an cóigad:—

Do labair 'na óeig rin go beirac i n^haoiréilge,
 Ar óáirir tam r^héala ó méadai^h mo éiríe-re,
 Go rabadar béarai^h an béarila go cláiríe,
 San airmáib, san éadac, san tréadai^h, san tíoríai^h.
 Táir caitte i scáiríar 'n-a noiongaib san treoir,
 Faoi fáo-cuirre i nglarai^h as Washington beó,
 I mairis, san shíam, san carair, san lón,
 Ar ias as r^headai^h le h-earbui^h na feóla,
 Do cleadac na baclai^h do caiteam san teóla.

Do bí abháin agus óanta eile amearis na noaine i bfas níor ríomplíe 'ná ias ro, óanta agus abháin do rinne fíir agus mná do bí san rígluim. Níor ias na noaine feo ceól ná binnear, acé do labradar, i bfoirm abháin, na rímuáinte bíóin, no shíad, no lútgáiríe, do bí

¹ *Literally*: She spoke thereafter, notably, in Irish / and she told me tidings that swelled my heart / how the bears of the English-language were over-thrown / without arms, without clothing, without flocks, without lands, / they were thrown into prison in bands, without patience / beneath weariness, in locks, (i.e. locked in) by lively Washington, / in

O'Líonáin in the time of the war between America and England. Let it stand as an example of the new poems that cleverly interwove Eire in the guise of a woman, with matters of the day, like the war :—

She *afterwards* spóke in most nótable Irish,
 With *laughter* she tóld me a stóry that fired me,
 How the *rascals*, the lów-born lósels were tiring,
 Without *arms*, with clóthing, and slówly retiring.
 Cast into *jail* where they're fáiling away,
 For Washington *takes* them and *makes* them his prey,
 They languish in *pain*, they are *quaking* to-day,
 And they *screech* for the *meat* which they hoggishly
 swallowed.
 When UNMUZZLED, the CHURLS, in PLUNDER they
 wallowed.

There were songs and poems amongst the people much simpler than these, songs and poems which men and women without learning composed. These people sought neither music nor melody, but they spoke, in the form of song, the thoughts of grief, or of love, or of

woe, without fame, without friend, without provisions / and they screeching with the want of meat / which the clowns used-to-be-in-the-habit of acting without limits, (i.e. beyond measure.)

1 lár a gceoiðe féin, mar an carlín reo do glaoó amac,
 agur a ceoiðe o'á bhuiread:—

Deir rias liom féin
 Sur níò beas ruarac an ghráó,
 Aet ir mairg air a mbíonn ré,
 Mí no reactmáin, no lá.

No an ríann ro ó fear éigin:—

Éus mé ghráó òuit, a'r mé beas buigheac,
 Agur éus mé ghráó òuit a'r mé móir, críona,
 Ní h-é rin an ghráó éus an t-uan o'á mátair,
 Aet an ghráó nac b'rágfaíó go lá mo báir mé.

B'fuirur tam móirán do ráó 1 otaoið na n-adhrán
 náóúiròda, rimpliðe, atá amearg na noaoime gan fóg-
 luim, agur nár rghíobad ariam ar ráiréar. Aet caiteirò
 mé an tráctar ro óúnaó anoir.

Cum an méio atá ráiròte agam do cup le céile 1
 b'poinm níor cruinne, déarfaió mé ariir ann ro, Sur
 mian liom riliðeaet na h-éireann do poinnt mar
 leana:—

I. Fuigleac riliðeaeta na rean - gaeðeal poim an
 reiread céao. Tá ro gan cinnteaet riolla, gan com-
 ároa, gan uaitne, 7c.

II. Dánta ealaðanta na n-gaeðeal ó'n reiread céao
 go teaet na loclannac.

joy that were within their own breasts, like this girl who cries out while her heart is breaking:—

They tell me that love is little,
 “’Tis nothing,” they say,
 But, oh, it is woe for who feels it
 For a month for a week or a day.

Or this verse from some man:—

I gave thee love, and I small and tiny,¹
 And I gave thee love, and I big and old.
 That was not the love that the lamb gave its mother,
 But the love that shall not leave until the day of
 death.

It would be easy for me to say much here about the natural simple songs that are amongst the uneducated people, and that were never committed to paper, but I must now close this essay.

In order to summarize in more condensed form what I have already said, I shall repeat here that I desire to divide the poetry of Ireland as follows:—

I. The remnants of the poetry of the ancient Gaels, before the sixth century. These have no certain number of syllables, no Uaim, no Comháirda, &c.

II. The scientific poems of the Gaels from the sixth century until the coming of the Northmen.

¹ The point of these verses is that there is no vowel-chiming alliteration, or striving after effect.

III. Na dánta do minneadh i n-Éirinn ó t'eacht na Lochlannaigh go t'eacht na Normannaigh, no na sean-Gall, mar Saltaire na Rann, Féilipe na Naomh, dánta na riaraidhe fóglaime, mar Flann Mainistirtheadh, Eochair O Floinn, Cinaeth O h-Artagáin, 7c.

IV. Dánta na Sgoil, ó t'eacht na Normannaigh go dtí an bliadhain 1600, no mar rin. Tá an cúis i n-mó d'íob ro in san Dán Dítheadh, cumtha do réir dlí na gconróine agus cinnteadh riolla ionnta.

V. Dánta na nuadh-báir, do cúis ruar do cinnteadh riolla, do'n Dán Dítheadh, agus do dlí na gconróine, agus do miallaib na ríol go léir. Do minne ríad ro a gcuid fílitheadh do réir bhrí ná d'íob an glóir, agus ar fuaime binn na n-ghu, san aon t-ríam do cúis in ríad conróinib.

Dá mbuó mian liom aonair com-mear do déanamh i n-Éirinn fílitheadh na h-Éireann agus fílitheadh na gceineadh eile i n-Éirinn, déanfaim go bfuil fílitheadh na n-ghaeleal i b'rao níor fearr, níor clirte, níor binne, 'n-á aon fílitheadh eile 'san Éirinn roim an aonmádh céad déag. Do minne báir na ríol, tar éir rin, dánta an-clirte, an-ealaíonta, an-mór-oibrithe, áit ní b'fadaim 'n-a mearg aon dán mór do t'íob fílitheadh agus ionnta i b'fadaib l'ítheadh ar tíoráib i gcéin. Áit ar an

III. The poems composed in Ireland from the coming of the Northmen to the coming of the old Galls or Normans, such as the *Saltair na Rann*, the *Calendar of the Saints*, the poems of the learned historians like *Flann of the Monastery*, *Eochaidh O'Flynn*, *Cinaeth O'Hartigan*, &c.

IV. The poetry of the bardic schools from the coming of the Normans to the year 1600 or so. The most of these are in *Straight Verse* metres, composed according to the law of the consonants, and the settled number of syllables.

V. The poetry of the *New Bards* who gave up fixed syllabification, *Straight Verse* metric, the law of the consonants, and all the rules of the Schools. These composed their poetry according to the natural accent of the voice, and on the melodious sound of the vowels, without heeding consonants.

If I desired now to institute a comparison between the poetry of Eire and the poetry of other nations in Europe, I would say that the poetry of the Gaels is far better, more clever, and more melodious than any other poetry in Europe previous to the eleventh century. After this the Bards of the Schools composed very ingenious, very scientific, very highly-wrought poems, but I do not find amongst them any very great poem that would arouse pleasure and admiration in the literary men of foreign countries. But on the other hand, after

láim eile, tar éir cníonta agus éaga na ríol do rinne
 Gaedheil na reachtúla agus na h-octúla doire déas,
 vánta naé féidir a ránuáth ar binnear, agus do fuair-
 eadar dóib féin culaió nuá le na cúir ar a bfilídeacht,
 naé bfuil a leictéir le rágaíl i n-aon tír eile 'ran
 domhan.

Caitrimís breiteamhar déanam ar filídeacht na
 h-Eireann, do méir a criocta agus a cuma níor mó b'féidir
 'ná do méir a rnuáinte agus a céille. Níl móián dí
 fuileónagar airtiuáth i oteangair eile gan a b'í
 agus a blar do cáilleamaint. I ríad na vánta ir fearr
 maár tré féadaint cuair an airtiuáth, vánta Oirín,
 mar "Lonoub Óoir an Cairn," "Oirín i oTír na n-Óg,"
 agus cuir de'n filídeacht i "n-Agallam na Seanóir,"
 agus in rna h-úirgéaltaib.

As rin cuntaí gearr ar filídeacht na nGaedhal. So
 nuise rin.

CRÍOĆ.

the withering and death of the Schools, the Gaels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries produced poems that it is impossible to surpass in melody. And they themselves invented a new dress for them, such that there is nothing like it to be found in any other country in the world.

We must judge the poetry of Ireland according to its shape and outward form, perhaps, rather than according to its thoughts and meaning. There is not much of it that will bear a translation into another language without loss of force and flavour. The poems that will best pass through the hard ordeal of a translation are "Ossian's" poems, such as "The Blackbird of Derry-carn," "Ossian in the Land of the Young," and some of the poetry in the "Dialogue of the Sages," and in the romances.

That is a short account of the poetry of the Gael. Up to this.

END.

GLOSSARY OF THE PRINCIPAL WORDS IN THE TEXT, OMITTING THE POEMS.*

- ἀβράννιός, a song-maker, or song-singer.
 ἀθνατά, to bury.
 αἰρε, in the phrase "ἰ n-αἰρε," gratis, for nothing.
 αἰσίς, disease.
 αἰρεά, careful; ἑο h-αἰρεά, carefully, heedfully.
 αἰτ-ῖς, to re-write.
 αἰρεά, queer, strange.
 αἰρεά, to count, number.
 ἀλλό, in the phrase, "ἰ n-ἀλλό," in old times.
 ἀλλήν, foreign.
 ἀλ, a joint, in literature, a chapter, a passage.
 ἀμύ, astray.
 ἀμα. See p. 96, a term in Irish prosody.
 ἀν-οἰρεά, very suitable.
 ἀνταῖς (le), agree to, consent to.
 ἀο, a satire.
 ἀρ, slaughter.
 ἀρ-πιν, a term in prosody. See pp. 46, 96.
 ἀτάρ (followed by a genitive), a change of, a different kind of.
 ἀτάρ, a change; also inf. of ἀτάρ, change.
 βαί, collect.
 βαί, belong to (βαί le, touch).
 βαί, opinion.
 βάρ, versification.
 βί, although.
 βί, melody, sweetness of tone.
 βί, tasteful, tasty.
 βί, coaxing, wheedling, beguiling.
 βί, look, observe.
 βί, a prime cause, a subject.
 βί, a family, a stock.
 βί-ῖ, a chance opinion a conjecture.
 βί, a keene. See p. 124.

* I have not included the contents of the poems given in the text in this glossary, because there are so many ancient and obsolete words in them. They are not intended for beginners.

- cáin, revile ; abrán cáinte, a song in dispraise of.
 cáilrúeáct, quality.
 canathain, dialect.
 caíaoirúeáct, quarrelsome.
 céao-bliádan, a century.
 ceana, already.
 ceaoaig, permit.
 ceatpáma, a quatrain, a stanza.
 ceapaim, I frame, I think, I invent.
 ceápoaíre, a tradesman.
 céile, wife (or husband).
 cinn-teáct, certainty ; cinn-teáct molta, certain or settled number of syllables.
 ciorcal, circle, cycle.
 cineamháct (go), accidentally ; *from* cineamhain, fate.
 cleáctad, to practise, to use.
 cloc-bun, a foundation (*lit.* stone-bottom).
 clúðamháil, famous.
 clúcthar, warm, snug.
 clúro, skillful.
 coir (*with genitive*), beside.
 comapta, a sign.
 comapoa, Irish rhyme, or assonance. For this see page 88.
 com-fuaim, co-sound, rhyme.
 comctrom, even.
 comóptar, a comparison.
 compáir, a comparison.
 com-rheaf, a comparison.
 cóthaireamh, to count (*from* com and áireamh).
 congbaig, keep, hold ; *inf.*, congbaíl.
 conrome, a consonant.
 coraim, defend, *inf.*, coraint.
 contráilta, contrary.
 cor, *in the phrase* ar aon cor, or cor ar bít = at all.
 cor = odd, *i.e.*, occasional ; cor-focal = an odd word ; corra, *id.*
 cor, or corra-cainte, a turn in talk, an idiom.
 crapta, gathered, cramped (*of crops*, "gathered-in").
 croctugaó, proving, proof, to prove.
 cporta, cross, bold.
 cput, shape, form.

- cruinn, compact, round, exact.
 cum, compose, shape, *inf.* cumadó.
 culaíó, suit of clothes, garb.
 cúthaó, a cover, thatch.
 Dánaíct, boldness.
 daor, not free (*also* dear, expensive).
 deacair, difficult.
 dealuḡadó, to separate, a separation, difference.
 dealg, *gen.* deilḡ = a pin, a broach, a thorn.
 díogbáil, hurt, damage.
 díogaltaí, vengeance.
 dílreanaí, lawful.
 doḡair, hurt, harm.
 do-ḡorḡta, restrained-with-difficulty ; not-to-be-stopped ; irrepressible.
 díḡ, *in the phrase* ír díḡ = no doubt, surely, probably.
 duair, *plur.* duairceanna, prizes.
 éagraí, different, various.
 ealaíó, *gen.* ealaíóan, a science.
 ealaíóanta, scientific.
 éireadtaí, effectual, powerful.
 éinfeadta, *in the phrase* í n-éinfeadta le = together with.
 fábal, a fable.
 faí, was seen, *past passive of* faíim or faíim, I see.
 fao, *in the expression* ar fao = altogether, entirely.
 fallaí, a cloak.
 faírneir, to show forth.
 faobair, edge.
 feabair, excellence.
 féil mhí, Michaelmas.
 fo-éineál, a sub-species.
 foirfe, perfect.
 fí, was found (*a past passive of* fág, get).
 fí, leag, leavings, remnant.
 ḡab (ḡabáin) = sing (a song).
 ḡein, *inf.*, ḡeineamain = beget.
 ḡíota, a piece, a bit.
 ḡlan-mheabair (ve) = (by) memory, by heart.
 ḡluair, a gloss, or commentary on a passage.
 ḡnát *in the phrase* do ḡnát = constantly, usually.
 ḡnár, a usual habit.

- grád, a grade, a degree (*also*, love).
 gut, a vowel (*also* a voice).
 iar gcúlta, backward, remote.
 imríde, a request.
 in-bheachtuigte, observable.
 in-éireote, credible.
 ioma-daithail, plenty.
 ioma-rbaid, a contention, dispute.
 iomráh, a voyaging, a rowing.
 iompód, to turn.
 laḡaro or laḡeao, in the phrase an a laḡeao = at the least.
 lámh-rḡnibinn, a manuscript.
 leathán, an elm tree.
 leit, in the phrase cuir i leit = to impute to.
 léigean, learning, a lesson; mac-léigin = a pupil,
 león, twist, strain.
 luḡt leanaíma, followers, retinue.
 meabair, feeling, memory.
 meabácan, to weigh.
 mearḡ, *inf.* mearḡad, mix.
 mearamlaḡt, respectability..
 míniḡ, explain; nóta míniḡte, note of explanation.
 miorúir, measure or metre.
 mí-maḡalta, irregular.
 mion, minute, small.
 mion-poinn, a minute division.
 múinteóir, a teacher.
 nímnead, sore, cross.
 óḡlaḡar, a certain kind of Irish verse. See p. 116.
 oíve, a téacher.
 oḡnead, an inheritance.
 oipeao (aḡur), as many (as).
 oipeamnad, fitting.
 ollamh, a professor (of poetry, etc.) of the highest grade.
 óráro, oration, speech.
 poncaithail, exact, particular.
 prímh-rḡeal, a prime story, *i.e.*, a story of the first class.
 rang, a class, a rank.
 rann, a verse, a stanza.
 réir, ready; go réir, in an easy or ready way.

- péim, sway, authority.
 ríadail, a rule.
 ríadailte, regular.
 rian, in the phrase *rá a rian air* = "signs on it."
 rinn, a term in Irish prosody, used of the syllabification of the words ending lines of poetry. See *áir-rinn*, pp. 46 and 96.
 rírib, in the phrase *óá rírib* = in earnest, indeed.
 roinn, a division.
 Saint, greed, covetousness.
 ráruig, surpass (*also* tire, fatigue).
 raor, free (*also* cheap).
 reang, slender.
 reirbe, bitterness.
 reanair, a senate.
 rgaolte, loosened, loose.
 rgóig, a throat.
 rgeitte, blossomed, or expanded like a blossom. (When I was young, I often heard, in the County Roscommon, the month of September called *mí rgeitte na bprotánán* = *the month of the shedding of thistles*, where *rgeit* means *shed*, rather than *blossom*).
 riolla, a syllable.
 rmaic, control.
 rnar, neatness, adornment.
 rocruig, settle.
 rompla, an example.
 rpeiréamail, interesting, pleasant.
 Tarrpaigne-gaolte, a draught of air.
 téagapac, warm, snug.
 teitead or teicead, to flee, run away.
 teóran (*properly*, *teóna*) = border, limit.
 tionól, a gathering.
 tomár, a metre or measure. It is the word used for *metre* in the old Irish books.
 tornais = *torais*, begin.
 tráictar, a treatise, essay.
 trío-amad, throughout, utterly.
 trorcán tige, furniture of a house.
 tuatac, *read* *tuata* = a layman, as opposed to a cleric.
 túirge, in the phrase *níor túirge 'ná* = sooner than.
 turpead, a dirge. See p. 124.

ua, a grandson.

uaírn, alliteration of accented syllables.

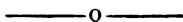
uaírne, assonance or Irish rhyme between two words in the end of one line and the middle of the succeeding line. See p. 30.

uaíad, a load.

uáirín or uáirín, a number.

úirígeál, a story, a romance.

úírla, humility.



TRANSLATION OF ΤΑΙΡΝΙΘ ΕΪΣΣΕ.

(p. 104.)

I have been asked to supply a literal translation of the two poems at page 110, as I have not included their difficult and obsolete words in the glossary.

They have come to an end, the learned of the land of the Gaels / the making of the sages of the free Druids. / There lives not of them a fitting person-to-succeed-them / nor the sufficiency for the soul of an ollamh.

It has come to an end, their period, side by side / the schools of Ulster, the learned of Leinster, / one Munster poet in ten¹ lives not. / A slaughter without a remnant is that slaughter.

In the country of Leinster, forge of schools / there lives not an ollamh, nor the makings of one, / which has brought upon my heart a grievous mist / and there is not alive any learned "filè."

There is no schoolman of condensed language / of the O'Dalys or of the O'Higinnses, / seeking to be in the beds of the schools,² / two flocks of knowledgable tribes.

The tragic-death of Teig Dall, strainer of lays,³ / the

death of Eochaid Mac Melaughlin / have brought the
druids of Erin under reproach, / a restraint of softening-
away on our spirits.

Alas! there lives not kin nor friend / of the scientific
blood of Eochaidh. / It was there, was the company of
pure hearts. / All their people have gone.

The clan Craith⁴ whom the schools used to adore /
the stanza-pure chieftain tribe / woe that they live not,
the poets! / Roots of friends and companions.

In the land of Uisneach⁵ of the clean ground /
blossoms of poets was the blood of the Coffeys, / a great
tale it is that the schools live not! / Their departure is
a defect of the senses.

The clan of the Mac-an-Bháirds and the Mac Conmees /
scant their visionaries or prophet-poets: / my blind mist
in a fog of sorrow / is to be alive of the remnant of the
ollamhs.

NOTES.

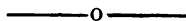
(¹) Literally "the tenth Munster poet lives not."

(²) See page 98.

(³) This was Teig Dall O'Higinn, for whose death see my Literary
History p. 521.

(⁴) These are the Magraths.

(⁵) In Meath.



TRANSLATION OF *a míc nā meabruig.*

My son, do not memorize poetry, / a trade which has
ever forsaken prosperity. / The forefront of honour
though it be her due, / a foreboder of unhappiness is
poetry.

Follow her not, a ruin of trade! / Do not compose,
through Gaelic embroidery, / poems neat, of most form-

perfect subject, / daring, freshly-obscure, uncommon.

Songs flowery, melodious, soft, / whose no small [beauty] it is to be even-lengthed / and [to run] smoothly, without superfluity of feet. / The greater thy degree, from having this power.

Do not praise any man, do not satirize any man. / If thou dost praise, praise not a Gael, / It is an omen of blood to any man who desires / to take in hand the praising of a Gael.

Depart from them. Number not their doings. / Recall not their chronicles. / The act of praising the Gaels, assume thou not. / Let every other man be enumerated before them.

The tribe of the warriors, the clans of Conn, / if I were to say "they shall again have power," / a lying prophecy we would have uttered. / Mention not [them who are] a non-race in Erin!

—o—

RUOA LE CEARTUĞAÓ.

leathanac.	líne.	1 n-áit	léiḡ.
38	22	cumaid	... cumad.
68	9	táinig an	... táinig an.
70	19	roinneadar	... roinneadar.
84 nóta 2		radair	... radair.
Id.		miona	... mionna.
94	16	treacthaó	... an treacthaó.
96	24	uaine	... uaine.
104	2	faiteoir	... faiteoir.
114	24	ceartuḡaó	... ceartuḡaó
118	10	ar gcáit	... ar an gcáit.
126	19	an reiread céad	... an reiread céad.
128	20	na reacthaó céad	... an reacthaó céad.
142	2	ḡaeibil	... ḡaeibil.

páoruis o brian, clódaoir, 46 spáio chur, baile-áta-cliait.

cumann buan-coinneáda na gaeilge.

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